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SARDINIA AND SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE proclamation which has been addressed to the people of Southern Italy in the name of VICTOR EMMANUEL is spirited, eloquent, and well adapted to the occasion which calls it forth. It was neither possible nor necessary to justify the policy of liberation by arguments derived from the letter of international law, nor was any true Italian likely to fall into the error of denouncing a noble patriotism because it may incidentally have forwarded the purposes of dynastic ambition. The grant of the Constitution and the simultaneous declaration of war against Austria in 1848, pledged CHARLES ALBERT and his house to the double task of combining Italian independence with political freedom. Amidst danger and discouragement, two successive Kings have persevered with a noble constancy in the accomplishment of the worthiest enterprise of modern times. VICTOR EMMANUEL may proudly boast that he has neither withdrawn a franchise from his subjects, nor betrayed, by a single act, the unanimous confidence of the Italian nation. If his diplomacy has sometimes borne the tortuous character imposed by comparative weakness, he has always represented the wishes and feelings of his countrymen, and to them he has redeemed all his pledges. As the author of the proclamation justly argues, mere territorial cupidity would probably have been satisfied with the acquisition of Lombardy, but the rights of Italy could not be surrendered at the bidding of an imperious ally. The Grand Duke of TUSCANY, the King of NAPLES, and the POPE might have secured themselves from revolution and dethronement, if they would, at the last moment, have consented to accept the policy of Italian independence, under the leadership of Piedmont. It is fortunate that their obstinacy has substituted a single monarchy for an infirm and treacherous federation. In taking the place of the delinquent Princes, the King of SARDINIA performs a duty which is not the less obvious and urgent because it seems to involve personal advantage. The grandeur of the Italian throne will only represent the national unity and greatness which constitute its foundation and security.

The popular vote which is to sanction an accomplished fact has probably been ascertained beforehand; but it is absurd to tell the Neapolitans that the liberating army has only come to protect them in the arbitrary exercise of universal suffrage. When Central Italy had conquered its freedom for itself, there was some plausibility in the announcement that the result of the ballot-box should be conclusive; but no numerical preponderance of ignorance and reaction in Naples could undo the events which are about to receive a superfluous approval. If the multitude demanded the return of the KING, GARIBALDI would not suspend for a moment the investment of Capua. In war, if not in peace, the most fanatical credulity must understand the absurdity of voting away accomplished facts, and the superfluous inutility of affirming what already exists. When the Italian Kingdom is once established, it may be hoped that the French device of universal suffrage will be exclusively reserved to its original purpose of giving publicity to usurpation and wrong.

Count CAVOUR's speech in the Parliament of Turin is more important than any formal manifesto. Despotism often issue impressive proclamations for the purpose of conciliating foreign or domestic opinion, but appeals to the people, even in a just and reasonable cause, are necessarily vague in argument and conventional in language. The address of a statesman to equals whom he has to convince and to answer deserves far more respectful consideration; and the Minister who has the opportunity of vindicating his conduct against public criticism enjoys an inestimable privilege, while he incurs a large responsibility. The value of representative

institutions has been remarkably illustrated by the recent solution of the difficulty which had been created by GARIBALDI's temporary imprudence. The Minister of an absolute Sovereign might have overborne opposition by the aid of the prerogative, but Count CAVOUR was able to appeal, in the name of the KING, to the representatives of the nation. In the presence of a Parliament, it is impossible to place a mere clerk or delegate at the head of affairs. A Minister in the position of Count CAVOUR is necessarily a great political leader, and his authority is confirmed by the assurance of support from his friends, and by the conviction which reduces opposition to silence. Even in the vote of confidence which he dictates he can impose conditions and limitations which strengthen the policy that they seem to restrain, as a definite channel increases the force of a current. The Government which is only empowered to accept unconditional annexation is relieved from the embarrassment of negotiating the terms of union. The sceptics and sycophants who have for some years repeated that Constitutional Government is on its trial, will possibly by degrees discover that a broad foundation conduces visibly to the maintenance of stable equilibrium. Despotism has not passed through its corresponding trial with any encouraging amount of success. The Duke of MODENA, the King of NAPLES, and the POPE have found that there are more serious evils than balanced majorities or Parliamentary compromises; and in France itself, the uncertainty and vacillation of a merely personal policy is every day becoming more conspicuous. The Italians, like the English in difficult circumstances, bring the whole force of the community to bear on the attainment of a great national object. Civil greatness may hereafter be esteemed in France itself when it is found to furnish the means of territorial and military aggrandizement.

The substance of Count CAVOUR's argument might have been anticipated, though it could not have been more forcibly expounded. The apology for the annexation of Central Italy was perfect, and his reference to the sacrifice of Nice and Savoy, if not satisfactory as regards the past, conveyed the most trustworthy assurances for the future. The greedy ally who plundered a population of five millions will remain passive when twenty-two millions of Italians are determined to resist spoliation. To all the additions which have enlarged the Italian Kingdom since the Treaty of Villafranca, France has contributed nothing but peevish criticisms, intermixed with insincere remonstrances. The ceded provinces of Savoy and Nice more than repaid the debt incurred at Magenta and Solferino, nor can any more recent obligation be alleged. The equivalent which was required for the security of France when half Italy was formed into a single State, must suffice to counterbalance the danger which may be apprehended from the union of the entire peninsula.

After the rash, but not unpopular declarations of GARIBALDI, it was prudent to satisfy in some degree the general sympathy with Venice and with Rome. It was necessary to anticipate the future liberation of the Italian capital, and it was safe to prophesy a change in the general opinion as to the relations between orthodoxy and freedom. It is highly probable that religion and morality have profited by the establishment of constitutional liberty in Piedmont, although it may be doubted whether the Emperor NAPOLEON is likely to be conciliated by the discovery that political freedom is favourable to the spread of religious feeling. The growing indignation of Italy and of Europe may possibly by degrees operate even on the vanity and ambition of France. When the alien garrison is withdrawn, a future POPE may have a motive for effecting some reasonable compromise with his countrymen. In the meantime, it would be the height of folly to provoke a war with France; and it is better to assign

plausible reasons for acquiescing in an inevitable evil than to wound Italian feeling by a confession of French preponderance. The present condition of Rome is so arbitrary and unnatural that it is reasonable to anticipate some change of circumstances for the better.

Of Venice Count CAVOUR spoke in a similar tone, and in much plainer language. He declared that it was impossible for the outlying Italians to be ever reconciled to a foreign Government, and for the purposes of his argument he admitted, with judicious candour, that the Emperor of AUSTRIA had sincerely desired to conciliate his Venetian subjects. The compulsory return to the former system of repression furnished, not a ground of complaint, but a proof that it was impossible to retain an unwilling population in subjection. It is true, as Count CAVOUR pointed out, that the greatness of the Italian Kingdom will largely increase the attraction which it exercises on Venice. It would not have suited his purpose to explain the process by which German feeling may perhaps be brought over to acquiesce in the curtailment of the Austrian Empire. Piedmont has hitherto been regarded as the close and subordinate ally of France, but independent Italy will have the means of avoiding subservience to the Power which Germans rightly regard as their national enemy. By the abandonment of the Italian provinces, Austria would be thrown back upon German resources, while Italy would be detached from the aggressive alliance of France. Count CAVOUR wisely declined to enter into detailed speculations as to the future, but the recent fortunes of Italy may furnish a justification for the most sanguine hopes. The ablest statesman, the boldest warrior, and the most single-minded Prince in Europe, are now engaged in completing, by their energies in the council and in the field, the great enterprise which every theoretical enemy of freedom has long denounced as impossible. The enthusiastic support of the North Italian Parliament will justify Count CAVOUR's anticipations, by discountenancing the menaces of discord which alone interfere with the entire liberation of Italy.

IDEAS AND INTERESTS.

ENGLISHMEN have themselves to thank for most of the opinions injurious to their honour and reputation which pass current on the Continent. It is our habit willfully to misrepresent the motives which lead us to follow particular lines of policy; and we have little right, accordingly, to complain, as we often do, that we are more misconstrued than any other people in the world. Few of us, for example, are stoical enough to feel quite indifferent to the contrast which was drawn the other day by the *Revue Contemporaine*, and which is in fact assumed in other countries as an axiom, that England always goes to war for her interests, while France goes to war for an idea. But who is it that has given currency to an assertion which, whether we feel it so or not, is intended to be a calumny? Certainly, its authors are some among ourselves, and for the most part the most prominent men among us—orators, diplomatists, statesmen, and journalists. Whether through the influence of the Benthamism which was the newest form of opinion in their youth, or from the desire of shutting the mouths of Manchester malcontents, English Ministers, at all great diplomatic crises, are almost passionate in their declarations that England never goes to war unless she has an interest in doing so. It is the recognised formula, and Parliament, press, and platform take it up and repeat it with a sort of stolid unanimity. But it is not true, and it is known not to be true by those who utter it; and it is echoed all the more persistently because of its falsehood. It may be laid down unhesitatingly that when England engages in a war, or refuses to engage in one, the dominant motive is what in France would be called an "idea," and what Englishmen call a sentiment. Doubtless there must be some material interest to be served; but the desire of promoting it has not been the chief reason, or even a principal reason, for joining in any one of the contests in which England has taken part during the last hundred years. The war of the French Revolution was begun because the horrors of the Jacobin Pandemonium in Paris had filled the immense majority of the British people with pity, rage, and disgust; and everybody knows that Mr. PITT, forced into war against his inclination, was hard put to it to find a tangible advantage for which he could persuade himself he was contending. There was, it is true, a serious danger to be averted when we entered on the Crimean war; but nobody who can recal the events which preceded it will be of opinion that it was solely brought on

by the attempted spoliation of Turkey. That which rendered the war possible was the long-standing dislike of Russia, and the Czar which had been industriously sown among the English public; and few persons more distinctly contributed to the result than Mr. CORDELL, when he undertook the bear-leading of M. KOSSUTH about the country. Conversely, when we declined to join in the late Italian contest, it was most assuredly not because our interests counselled neutrality. Whatever our own statesmen may say and Mrs. BROWNING shriek, it was because our sentiments were divided. We disliked the Austrian Government, because it was tyrannical and illiberal; but the French Government was equally tyrannical and illiberal, and, beyond that, it was dangerous to England. Besides disliking France we also distrusted her, and the conviction that she was really aiming at her own aggrandizement compensated the weight which was thrown into the scale by our sympathy for Italian freedom. Few things, then, are more certain than that England never goes to war except from sentiment; but then she invariably asserts that she goes to war exclusively for her interests. France reverses this process. She goes to war for her interests, but takes care to call her interests an "idea." The indulgence by the First NAPOLEON of the most unscrupulous ambition which ever prompted man is always spoken of by Frenchmen as if it had been intended to confer some ineffable and mysterious blessing on the rebellious and ungrateful nations. The Second NAPOLEON marched into Italy for an idea, and proceeded to appropriate Savoy and Nice; yet still his panegyrists boast of the idea to which he sacrificed himself. The truth is, that both countries have their characteristic affection. France is always affecting higher, and England lower motives than they are really actuated by. The pretences of France are not honourable, but those of England are simply stupid.

It is curious to observe how affectation of the same sort lies at the bottom of all the other extravagances of language by which we have compromised our European influence. It is unnecessary to go over the old story of the miserable folly exhibited by the English press in its criticisms of the Crimean war, though it is desirable to warn our countrymen against supposing that its effects are exhausted. The military weakness of England, and the chances of success which it furnishes to an assailant, are the common topics of conversation in every French cottage; and when one reflects what results followed from the constant simpering of Bonapartism in the minds of the French peasantry, it is not a pleasant thought that the same class is now possessed both with hatred of England and with impressions of her feebleness. As to the idea of ourselves which we have succeeded in giving to other nations besides the French, more need not be said than that the Spanish press has calmly attributed our remonstrances against the war with Morocco to our jealousy of the spectacle of efficiency presented by the Spanish army, and to bitter recollections of our own wretched exhibition in the Crimea. At present, however, it is rather our object to contrast the spirit in which all our lamentable self-depreciation originated with the tone of feeling which prevails in France. The other day, the French portion of the Chinese expedition miscarried altogether. Its commissariat got completely out of gear, its vessels were in utter confusion—it hung like a useless clog on the British contingent. Yet not one word of all this has been breathed in France, except once only when a gentle hint from the *Times* on the true state of the case produced a furiously-worded but entirely unsupported denial from the organs of the Imperial Government. The fact is, that even when France had a Constitutional Government, the French and the English had wholly distinct theories as to the proper treatment of proved or suspected inefficiency in any part of the military or naval services. The French tendency is to conceal it, the English to proclaim it. The Englishman undoubtedly wishes to amend the defect he believes he has discovered; and it is perhaps the consciousness of a rational motive which is his excuse to himself for the monstrous exaggerations in language of which he is wilfully guilty. Similarly, it is not to be supposed that every Frenchman who goes into a passion at the faintest slur on the French army or navy is really convinced that there is perfection in every corner of it. If he can once be persuaded that no foreign nation will hear his confession, he may perhaps be brought to allow that the only reliable troops in the French army are the African regiments and the Guard; that the soldiers of the line are only fit to stand behind

better men; that the jobbing at the Ministry of War is scandalous; that the EMPEROR's experiments in artillery are expensive failures; that the *Bretagne* will hardly swim; and that the usefulness of the *Gloire* is assumed and not proved. Here again, then, the Frenchman consciously makes pretensions to something more than the truth, while the Englishman deliberately refuses to admit more than a fraction of it. Which of them is right? Both are wilfully dishonest, but they are dishonest in different ways. It may be said that the English practice tends to make the country strong, but to diminish the impression of strength; while the French habit diffuses the impression of power, but is apt to prevent dangerous weaknesses from being found out till too late. On such a balance of advantage and disadvantage many of our countrymen will at once decide that the way of the English people is the better of the two; but let it not be too hastily assumed that they are right. If men were constantly fighting, it would be desirable to be strong in fact, at all hazards; but, as war is not a chronic, but an occasional and preventable evil, the impression of strength which discourages attack may be more valuable than the reality of power when it is coupled with a reputation for feebleness which invites aggression. The evil of our present discredit abroad is not so much the mortification it occasions as the danger it involves that we shall some day have to fight in order to show that our powers are on a level with our diplomatic pretensions.

THE POPE'S TEMPORALITIES.

THE imminent danger which threatens the POPE's temporalities naturally calls forth the consolatory suggestions of advisers whom he would scarcely recognise as friends. Protestant laymen are incessantly reminding the head of the Roman Catholic priesthood that, according to his own theory, the tenure of his spiritual office must be wholly independent of revenue or of dominion. It is perfectly true that the Pontifical Circulars and Allocutions express a confident reliance on the metaphorical stability of St. PETER's Chair, notwithstanding the commotions which may seem to upset it. Alarm for the safety of an imperishable edifice may not be altogether logical, but it is scarcely fair to deduce practical consequences from conventional figures of speech. If the POPE loses his temporal sovereignty, his relation to his spiritual subjects will be materially changed; and though it is possible that their devotion may in some cases be quickened by the misfortunes of their chief, the advantages which the Holy See has derived from the possession of its patrimony are more tangible than the contingent blessings which may accompany adversity or martyrdom. The experience of many centuries has shown that the Sovereign of the Roman States can command ecclesiastical obedience from a large portion of Christendom. The assumption that his supremacy will be equally effective when he is reduced to a private station is either a conjectural paradox or a prudent boast. In ceasing to be a Prince, the POPE must necessarily become a subject, and consequently he must participate in the isolation of the State to which he will belong. The Roman Court has generally, in fact, been a political instrument of one of the great Catholic Powers, but there is a wide difference between practical subservience and ostensible allegiance. Austria and France will grudge each other the possession of a supreme oracle, and Spain and Italy may soon be in a position to claim a share in the control of the Latin Church. Long before the Reformation, the traditional hostility of England to Papal authority was founded on national dislike to the interference of aliens. In modern times, Catholic populations seem almost to have forgotten that the POPE is a foreigner except in Italy itself. The local priesthood in all parts of the world has learned to support the external dominion which countenances its own claims to partial exemption from secular control. On the whole it may be admitted that the zealous supporters of the Holy See understand the interests which they make it their business to advocate. If the predominance of the Catholic hierarchy is to be preferred to the spread of civilization and to the rights of the Italian people, the POPE and his agents are justified in invoking fire and sword against the sacrilegious Piedmontese and the irreverent Liberator of Southern Italy. It is unnecessary for the friends of liberty and justice to profess a special solicitude for the spiritual prerogatives which may incidentally be compromised by the success of their policy.

If Rome is lost, the POPE will be in the embarrassing position of a pretender, while he will be hampered by the

restraints of a subject. In the very crisis of its fate, the Holy See will assuredly not abandon its ancient traditions of protest and reservation. The claim of sovereignty will be kept alive in spite of treaties and of facts, while the contrast between reality and ecclesiastical fiction will become every day more glaring. When the exiled Royalities of Europe are headed by a landless wearer of the Triple Crown, popular belief, if not deliberate conviction, will be rudely shaken. With characteristic confusion of thought and language, PIUS IX. has repeatedly announced his willingness to take refuge among the shades of apocryphal martyrs in the catacombs of Rome. A comfortable apartment in a foreign hotel, which is the true alternative of his residence at the Vatican, will be far less dignified and impressive. The elasticity of the Roman Church has often been celebrated by friends and enemies, nor can it be denied that an institution which has survived so many revolutions must have displayed considerable power of adaptation to circumstances; but the change which seems impending is far more serious than the captivity of BONIFACE or of CLEMENT, nor is there any longer an Avignon to supply the loss of Rome.

It is difficult to judge how far the machinery and appendages of the Roman Court are essential to the administration of the Church. With the temporal deposition of the POPE the Cardinals will shrink into titular dignitaries, and the Monsignors will be left without maintenance and without assignable functions. The high rank which is allowed in all Catholic countries to the members of the Sacred College is justified by the theoretical participation of every Cardinal in the temporal sovereignty of the Roman States. The nominal priests of the parishes in the city of Rome will have as little title as the Cardinal deacons to any pre-eminence over the ordinary prelates of the Church. The POPE may retain the power of conferring the title of Eminence on those whom he may favour, but the dignity which almost raised its incumbent above the rank of a subject will become unavoidably obsolete.

The obligation of bishops to pay a periodical visit to the tombs of the Apostles has largely tended to preserve the cosmopolitan and denationalizing character of the Church. Two or three times in his life a Belgian or Irish bishop has found himself in the position of a courtier and a subject at a distance from the authority of his own indigenous Government. The standing conspiracy of the priesthood against the laity has been kept alive by the consciousness of a distinct allegiance, and the splendour of the Roman ceremonies exercised a singular influence over provincial imaginations. In exile and retirement the POPE may be equally entitled to the veneration of his prelates, but he cannot take St. Peter's or St. John Lateran to the Escorial or to Munich. All things which co-exist in close mutual relation are in some degree connected as cause and effect. The temporal and spiritual sovereignty of the POPE have been so long united that it is impossible to abstract the indefeasible supremacy of St. PETER from the external conveniences furnished by his patrimony.

Of all Catholic nations, the Italians entertain the smallest respect for the POPE. For many years the government of the Holy See has been the worst in the Peninsula and in Europe; and except at the commencement of the present reign, the Father of the Faithful has long conspired with foreign oppressors against his own countrymen and subjects. If the temporal sovereignty is maintained by French or Austrian arms, the subjects of the free Italian Kingdom will inevitably take refuge from an insufferable usurpation in a religious schism. It may be doubted whether a modern Reformation would result in the establishment of Protestantism; but an excommunicated King and people necessarily require some form of spiritual independence. It is for the Holy See to consider the effect on European opinion which would be produced by the general repudiation of Papal authority on its own soil. Orthodox pilgrimages to a sacred soil inhabited by heretics would suggest many dangerous considerations.

The best chance for the preservation of the Papacy must be found in the prudence and moderation of the next Pontiff who may be elected. PIUS IX. seems to be incapable of dignity under misfortune, and he is too fanatical to make timely concessions. His successor may perhaps have the opportunity of retaining his residence and his titular rank on condition of becoming in practice the first subject of the national Monarchy. The fall from temporal power would be most effectually broken by a peaceable process of mediation. The Cardinals, the Easter ceremonies, and the

other accessories of the supreme Pontificate would still appear unchanged to pious visitors from a distance. There would, undoubtedly, be abundant opportunity for faction and intrigue; nor is it certain that the Italian Government would benefit by an arrangement in which it might, for various reasons, be willing to acquiesce. It is on selfish and corporate grounds that the directors of Papal policy ought to effect, before it is too late, the only compromise which still seems to be practicable.

HUNGARY.

IT had been hoped that the Emperor of AUSTRIA would announce his intentions with regard to the future Constitutions of Hungary and the other provinces before his departure for Warsaw, but it now appears exceedingly doubtful whether this expectation will be realized. The state of things throughout the Empire is, however, so critical that much further delay would be dangerous, and it might have been thought that the EMPEROR would desire to escape the imputation of having arranged a scheme of internal policy under the immediate inspiration of Russia. In any case, the world must shortly learn what is the final compromise between revolution and centralization on which FRANCIS JOSEPH is willing to stake his last chance of keeping his dissolving kingdom from utter dissolution. It must, however, be remembered that this programme of future government will be couched in the language not only of a sovereign, but of an Austrian sovereign. It will doubtless contain many phrases of a very ambiguous kind, and many promises that will admit of very various modes of fulfilment. A Reform manifesto is looked on in Austria very much like one of the pieces of paper-money which are the torment of travellers and the burden of citizens in that distracted country. In itself, a florin-note has no intrinsic value, but circumstances may invest it with any value from a florin to a kreutzer. Long experience of the ruling family has inspired a general belief that it would be very unsafe to take an Imperial proclamation of constitutional government at par. It is only by looking at the circumstances under which it is issued, by reading the slight signs of the times, and by examining the actual state of the countries to which it is to be applied, that we can judge what it is worth, and what it is meant to be worth. Of all those countries, Hungary is incomparably the most important. If Hungary is content, Austria is saved; and the disaffection of the other provinces is only worth taking into account because its existence prevents Austria from coercing Hungary. That Hungary will accept nothing but a restoration in some shape of its historical existence, and that the Government will use every effort to make that restoration compatible with the subordination of Hungary to Imperial interests, is certain; but it is, we believe, beyond the power of any man alive to predict whether a modification of the historical constitution of Hungary can be carried out at the present crisis of political alienation between the EMPEROR and his Hungarian subjects. Still we have trustworthy data for the formation of an opinion on two points which have a great bearing on the value and meaning of the coming manifesto. Hungary is a remote and an obscure country; but enough is known about it to enable us to guess what the EMPEROR must promise with a real intention of fulfilling it, and, secondly, what he hopes will be the immediate fruit of reconciling Hungary to his rule.

All travellers who have recently visited Hungary concur in expressing the liveliest astonishment at the extreme freedom with which politics are talked in the most public places, at the calm announcements of treason that are heard in every railway carriage and on the deck of every steamer that runs on the Danube. Accustomed to think of the Austrian police as equally ubiquitous and severe, and fresh, perhaps, from the recollection of the icy silence which hushes every utterance of political criticism in Venetia, the traveller can scarcely believe that he is in the Austrian dominions when he hears denunciations of the EMPEROR, the Government, and everything German, not whispered, but spoken as loudly and freely as the opinions of the most Radical speaker in the most Radical debating club in London. Any expression of wonder is met with the reply that even the EMPEROR can scarcely send all the Hungarian nation to prison at the same time, and all the Hungarian nation thinks and speaks in the same way. It is the unanimity of the Hungarians that has beaten the Government, and the Hungarians are perfectly aware of the cause

of their success. Austria is almost the only country in the world that has the art of setting whole nations against her. Even the classes whom she specially favours desert her in the hour of need. She has always befriended the Romish clergy, and has always, except when very hard up for money, tried to befriend the peasantry. In Hungary she has long offered the Catholic hierarchy the delight, which few ecclesiastics can withstand, of bullying with impunity their heterodox neighbours. Her reward has been that a grand dinner has just been given at Pesth at which a common political hatred united even religious dissentients in the bonds of love, and the representatives of the Greek, the Latin, and the Reformed Churches drank cordially and copiously to each other's health. The Government has taken great pains during the last ten years to raise the condition of the Hungarian peasant, so far as it could do so at the expense of the nobles, and without loosening the grasp of its own taxation. The result is, that the peasants of Hungary are said to be as eager for a revolution as were the Lombard peasants, whose exceptionally favourable treatment was a standing boast of the friends of Austria before the late war. It is therefore to a united nation, and to one perfectly conscious of the advantage which it derives from its union, that the EMPEROR will offer his terms of compromise. They must be large, and, what is much more important, it must be intended to abide by them. The history of the EMPEROR and his predecessors would not enable us to pronounce that the handsomest offers proposed to the Hungarians were not a pure sham. But a political union that induces the lions and lambs of rival religious bodies to lie down together, and makes the peasant shake hands with the noble, renders it impossible that the EMPEROR's offer should be either paltry or intentionally delusive.

That it is not meant to be either is shown also by many minor signs. As the Vienna telegrams of successive days generally contradict each other flatly, it may be prudent to wait for confirmation of the resignation of Counts NADASDY and THUN; but the mere report that the leaders of the reactionary party in the Cabinet have resigned shows which way the wind is blowing. It is true that, as if to insult and annoy the Hungarians to the last, batches of prisoners are despatched daily to the dungeons of Josephstadt. But if the Austrian Government were not so incredibly stupid in little things as to baffle calculation, we should be inclined to believe that these wholesale seizures were only intended to give greater interest and prestige to the political amnesty which ought to accompany, and must follow, the restoration of Hungarian freedom. But there is another much stronger reason for believing that the EMPEROR will really try to conciliate Hungary. He has very fair ground for expecting that he will be able to profit by the union of Hungarian parties in a way, of all others, the most agreeable to him. The Hungarians are unanimous and open in talking treason against the Government, but they are quite as open, and nearly as unanimous, in declaring their readiness to fight against Italy. They burn to avenge their military disasters, and they seem penetrated with the conviction, which pervades all Germany also, that the Venetian territory was intended by Providence to furnish a convenient stronghold for a Transalpine Power. The EMPEROR may hope, if he can but reconcile Hungary, to lead its eager and united forces against the hated Piedmontese. The Conference of Warsaw will probably supply him with a guarantee against the interference of France; and with a trained army, the Quadrilateral, and Hungary to back him, he may flatter himself that he can make short work of the upstart Kingdom of Italy. A successful war would not only restore his prestige, but it would place him in a new relation to Hungary. He would then be a Sovereign for whom the Hungarians would have fought voluntarily and triumphantly; and this would do much to efface the past and smooth the future. All this may be very improbable, but Austria is notorious for getting through her scrapes; and there is a side of Hungarian feeling which suggests how it is just barely possible that she may even now get through the most serious scrape in which she has ever found herself.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST CHINA.

THE latest letter from the Chinese Correspondent of the *Times* ends, precisely like a *feuilleton* of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, just before the point of thrilling interest is reached. We are skilfully conducted to the very eve of a combined

attack on the Tartar camp, when the mail goes out, and *la suite au prochain numero* is written in the corner. Indeed, the introductory chapter which has already reached us is in other respects strikingly like the composition of an adroit Parisian scribe. Two lines in an ancient chronicle furnish DUMAS with material for a volume and a half; and all that the Correspondent tells us would have been summed up by the old-fashioned despatch-writer in a single paragraph. "The troops landed without molestation on a muddy shore, took possession of the town of Pehtang, and were preparing for a general attack as soon as the artillery and cavalry shall be disembarked." The modern chronicler expands this simple story into five columns and a half, which begin with an allusion to Mariana in the Moated Grange, and embody, among other things, a description of a Chinese pawnbroker's shop and a dirge over a Chinese family who poisoned themselves rather than put up with a fourth visit in one day from our gallant Allies. The feat is really wonderful, and the performance has no defect except the one which is common to all descriptive efforts in the modern style. The only persons who are without a vivid conception of the landing in Northern China are probably the soldiers and sailors of the expedition. We do not mean to say that the account is not rigorously correct, but it is certain that the people engaged in an important undertaking are always the last to pay attention to the minute incidents and accessories of the scene. It is possible to supply the matter for five columns of word-painting without being the least aware of what you are doing, just as it is possible to talk prose without knowing it.

No reader of the Chinese correspondence will suffer himself to doubt that the next mail will bring us word that the Tartar camp has been stormed, and perhaps that the Takoo forts have been taken. A couple of strong contingents from the two most powerful nations of the West will surely not be foiled a second time. Yet we were hardly less confident on the last occasion, and we were beaten. There is assuredly something mysterious in the energetic resistance which is offered to the European forces at this particular point. Nobody concerned in the expedition seems to have doubted that the Tartars would fight, and fight well. The two Generals were evidently unwilling to risk anything, for they declined to convert a reconnoissance into a true attack, even with a seeming prospect of success, and they have postponed their supreme effort till it can be made with all the resources of modern war. Nothing, too, in the behaviour of the Tartars appears to have indicated either the pusillanimity or the stupidity so often betrayed by Chinese troops. Their fire was far from contemptible, and their manœuvring respectable, and their cavalry seems to have readily adventured itself within three hundred yards of the Anglo-French outposts. The curious aspect of this display of spirit arises from its contrast with the character of the resistance made by Chinese armies to the Tae-ping rebels. To judge from the accounts which have come to hand of combats between the Imperialists and the revolvers, one-tenth part of the vigour manifested by the Tartars of Takoo would have scattered the most powerful army of Tae-pings like a herd of sheep; and yet, if any reliance can be placed on Chinese intelligence, the insurrection is perpetually creeping onwards and onwards up the east coast of the Empire. Is it possible that, in directing their attack against the approaches to Peking, the French and English Governments, with a bare half-consciousness of what they are doing, are aiming a deadly blow at the very vitals of the Chinese dominion? Is it to be inferred that the resistance of the EMPEROR at this point is the last effort of desperation when all is at stake, and that the very flower of the Chinese soldiery is employed to prevent the fatal capture of the capital? We are left in one of those dilemmas into which the observer of this strange people is so often entrapped. Are we to believe that, in spite of the haughty contempt of the barbarians which breathes through every official paper which has fallen into English hands, the Chinese Government is nevertheless alive to the power and resources of the nations whom it has defied? But then, if this be so, why was the war provoked by fraudulently recalling concessions which some, at least, of the Chinese functionaries had not considered inconsistent with the dignity and safety of the Empire?

But little sensibility is required to make the spectator of these events uncomfortable as to the task we have taken in hand. Granting that there is moral justification for the enterprise, it is impossible not to feel that it may have consequences far beyond our expectation, and far beyond any-

thing which the Chinese Government, with all its perfidy and pride, has even distantly deserved. The Chinese style us barbarians, and there is one set of so-called barbarians to whom we bear a real resemblance—the Germanic conquerors of the Roman Empire. With as little knowledge of what we are doing as any Lombardian or Gothic chieftain, we are hastening the dissolution of a great civil polity which deals out law and secures material order among many millions of cultivated human beings. Who can say how much human happiness we are compromising by exacting the most righteous of retributions from the SOVEREIGN who, according to the Western law of nations, is responsible for the outrage on the *Arrow*? On the supposition that we subject the EMPEROR at Peking to some profound humiliation, how will his disgrace affect the dwellers along the Great Wall, or the inhabitants of those zones of China which lie farthest away from the sea? The south-west provinces of the Empire abut on provinces of our own. There is a watershed from which the streams flow one way into China and the other way into British India. Who can say what we should learn if we could make acquaintance with our unknown and unconscious neighbours, and hear from them what would be the result if their monarch were expelled from his capital by a handful of strangers? The fact is, the incapacity of the mind to grapple with great extents of space, which is at least as flagrant as its inability to deal with lengthened periods of time, is strikingly exemplified by the feebleness of the impression which the immense size of China makes upon the popular imagination. It is incredible from how small a stock of real knowledge our views of China are generalized. What, for instance, is the true basis of the sweeping conclusions which are daily propounded concerning the Tae-Pings? We are far from denying the importance of the Tae-Ping insurrection—denial on such a subject may be as premature as affirmation; but the writers who speak with confidence of the approaching dethronement of the reigning dynasty by the Tae-Pings might surely have observed that the positive evidence confines the rebel occupation to a single strip of those immense dominions, and that there is not a jot of proof that four-fifths of the Chinese territory have even been sensible of the disturbance. It would, indeed, be a plausible theory that the seriousness of the movement arises less from its extent than from the circumstance that the direction of its advance has been steadily from its birthplace towards the capital. But, even if the victory of the Tae-Pings be the result to which the dislocation of China is tending, who will venture to rejoice that British arms may have contributed to it? The spurious Christianity of these insurgents furnishes the strongest of reasons for deprecating their success. The world has seen plenty of instances in which a corrupt version of the Christian creed has been adopted by a conquering and ambitious people, and in all cases the effect has been to render its victory bloodier, its oppression heavier, and its vengeance more pitiless and more cruel. The victor who would only have been a tyrant has often been converted into a monster by the desire to proselytize as well as subdue. It is no credit to the present rulers of the Chinese Empire that their system of government is atheistical; but the experience of all history has established, that it is a thousand times better to be governed by an atheist than by the zealot of a false faith.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH POLICY IN ITALY.

THE anarchy which seems to prevail at Naples is scarcely to be regretted if it presents VICTOR EMMANUEL to Italy and to Europe as the visible restorer of order. In a few days it may be hoped that Naples and Sicily will form a part of that Italian Kingdom which is destined, after instructive delays and useful struggles, to be completed by the addition of Venice and of Rome. The English nation, for once unanimous in policy and in feeling, has contemplated the progress of the movement with untiring sympathy, and the present Government has, on the whole, faithfully obeyed an impulse which it would probably never have originated. To French understandings, disinterested enthusiasm is doubly unintelligible when it coincides with the dictates of prudence and moderation. Ingenious journalists and pamphleteers only hesitate between the certainty that English policy is selfishly fraudulent and the desire to prove that it is nevertheless mistaken. According to the latest theory on the subject, Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues have already discovered that in raising up a fifth Great Power in Europe they have given

France the key of the Mediterranean. It has consequently been resolved to discourage the further progress of Italian unity, except on the condition that some maritime position, if not Sicily itself, shall be surrendered as a compensation to England. French patriotism, on the other hand, anticipates the aid of 50,000 Italian sailors in future wars with England, and at the same time a new development of the doctrine of natural boundaries proves that Genoa and Sardinia ought to be ceded to France for the purpose of readjusting the balance of power.

The reasons which are given for the specific appropriations recommended to France are in the highest degree characteristic. Sardinia, it is said, will, in connexion with Corsica, complete the highway from Toulon to Algiers; and half the Gulf of Genoa, since the annexation of Nice, already belongs to the Power which may therefore claim the rest. In the same manner it may be shown that the possession of the Northern slopes of the Alps gives a title to both sides of the ridge; and if the left bank of the Rhine had been reached, it would have followed that the opposite shore naturally appertained to the same owner. The shameless seizure of Nice involves a menace to Genoa; but the natural boundary of a kingdom with twenty-two millions of inhabitants ceases, as Count CAVOUR opportunely suggests, to be indefinitely elastic. The French demand for territorial aggression is further supported by the argument that it is necessary to secure the alliance of the new Monarchy against England. "It is only with the knee on the throat of Italy" that the fidelity of VICTOR EMMANUEL can be ensured; and Genoa, as a French possession, would cement that league of Latin Europe which is supposed to regard the Emperor NAPOLEON as its head. Austria might have something to tell of the feelings of attachment which Italians entertain towards the foreign occupiers of a portion of their soil. If Englishmen wished for an assured auxiliary against France, they could scarcely object to a spoliation which Italy would never forget or pardon; but insular simplicity has not yet learned to regard the changes which take place in Europe with exclusive reference to the facilities which they may afford for future war and plunder. A Government which projected the annexation of Sicily would be driven from office as ignominiously as if it had contemplated the cession of the Isle of Wight; and it is only difficult to determine whether the folly or the meanness of such a proposal would be more conspicuous. The English strongholds in the Mediterranean are already too numerous, and the Empire in which all languages are spoken presents too many complications, without the additional task of providing a government for two millions of Catholic aliens. Political pamphleteers in France generally share the feelings of those professional artists who only look at a coat with reference to the accessibility of its pockets, and find it impossible to dissociate a house-door from the image of a centre-bit. In the absence of official inspiration, the projects of individual Frenchmen have happily no influence on the policy of their country; and it is perhaps natural that they should be incapable of comprehending the relation which exists between a free nation and a representative Government.

The foreign policy of England is, in all questions of detail, implicitly confided to the statesmen who are responsible for the conduct of affairs; but in matters which are sufficiently important to excite national interest, Ministers and professed politicians are, often against their own inclination, mere interpreters of the national will. The Russian war, undertaken against the joint opinion of the Government and the Opposition, ought to have convinced foreign observers that the secret of English policy is not to be discovered by listening at the door of the Cabinet. The ardent good-will which has attended the aggrandizement of Piedmont and the enterprise of GARIBALDI has been equally unanimous and irresistible. If any selfish project had been combined with the desire that Italy should be free and independent, the less worthy motive would have been avowed as openly as the generous enthusiasm which it might have alloyed. Happily, however, publicity is unfavourable to interested subtlety, and it is altogether impossible to conspire in public. No English Minister could conclude a treaty of Tilsit or Plombières, because the indispensable ratification of public opinion would render secrecy impossible. In all the innumerable speeches and publications which have been produced by the Italian struggle, no suggestion of separate advantage to England can be found by the most unfriendly critic. It is mainly for the sake of Italy that the prospect of Italian independence is welcome, and the general results

which may be expected from the establishment of a great and prosperous State concern other countries equally with England. Even Frenchmen may be learning to understand that English prosperity is not founded on commercial monopoly and exclusion. If united Italy has more to buy and to sell than in the days of its subdivision, producers and consumers in all parts of the world will be equally welcome to its markets.

The chief political advantage which may be anticipated from the establishment of an Italian Kingdom consists in the security which it will afford against war and projects of conquest. From the days of CHARLES VIII. Italy has been a field for the ambitious enterprises of France, while it has suffered under the oppressive domination of Spain or of Austria. If the great undertaking of VICTOR EMMANUEL is crowned with success, no foreigner will henceforth be tempted to invade a territory which it will be impossible permanently to dismember. Europe, which is always anxiously watching the encroaching propensities of France, will be relieved from the fear of an outbreak on the frontier of the Alps. The Spaniards may probably be trusted to guard the Pyrenees, and Germany, once united, would be more than a match for her ambitious neighbour. Any external pressure which was strong enough to render wars of conquest impossible would be the greatest of all benefits to France. With the renunciation of foreign aggrandisement, the reduction of the army might perhaps become popular; and if France were to disarm, every State in Europe would be relieved from the most oppressive portion of its burdens. The admission of Italy into the rank of Great Powers will be the more acceptable to England, because another free State will tend to counterbalance the influence of Continental absolutism. The combination of greatness with liberty in a country less misunderstood than England may perhaps, at some remote period, excite the emulation even of Imperialist France.

If thoughtful politicians foresee the beneficial consequences of the Italian movement, the general enthusiasm which attends it is as genial and single-minded as the sympathy which is produced by a great dramatic work. The alternate or combined activity of heroism and prudence excites and satisfies a higher feeling than curiosity. The steady perseverance of the people of Central Italy after they had been abandoned at Villafranca, and the prudent reserve of Piedmont, followed at the proper time by decisive action, secured general respect for the new State, which included one-half of Italy. When it seemed that the resources of policy were exhausted, GARIBALDI came forward as the representative of wise and fortunate audacity. After conquering Sicily and overrunning Naples, the great adventurer was obviously unable to govern the country which he had liberated. When his temerity was about to compromise the national interests, his rival once more took up the management of the national cause. The bold invasion of Umbria, and the proclamation which claims the allegiance of Southern Italy, carry on the glorious history of Palermo and of the Volturno. In the contemplation of such events and achievements, Englishmen have no inclination to consider whether it would be possible to filch an island or a harbour from regenerated Italy.

MR. WILSON'S SUCCESSOR.

THE Government have done wisely in filling up without delay the post which Mr. WILSON's death had left vacant; and it was perhaps upon the whole prudent to select his immediate successor from the ranks of English politicians, notwithstanding the advantages which familiarity with the tone of native feeling would have given to an experienced member of the Indian Civil Service.

It may seem strange that there should be any difficulty in disposing of an office which is recommended alike by its dignity and its emoluments. No one in India except the Governor-General occupies a position of more importance or of greater attractions to an ambitious man than that which has just been assigned to a politician who has no Indian experience, and whose initiation into the mysteries of office at home is of comparatively recent date. Mr. WILSON was doubly recommended for the duties to which his life has been sacrificed, by his familiar acquaintance with the routine of office and by the experience of Indian affairs which he was supposed to have gained at the Board of Control. His substantial success and his occasional errors will both furnish materials for the guidance of his successor. Nothing could be more fallacious than the theory which he openly

proclaimed, upon his acceptance of Indian office, that there was no essential difference between the nature and circumstances of Indian and English society. The financial maxims which have become for us established truths were to be transplanted to India without modification, and the PEEL prescription of Free-trade and Income-tax was to be exhibited without alteration as the appropriate remedy for the financial disorders of India. Like most men of business, Mr. WILSON was wiser in action than in theory; and it fortunately happened that his extreme views of the necessary identity of English and Indian principles of finance rather strengthened his hands for the peculiar crisis which he had to deal with. It was above all things necessary to introduce into India the leading maxim of English financiers—that the ordinary expenditure of the State must be covered by the annual income. The resolution with which Mr. WILSON set to work to naturalize this principle might possibly have been weakened by a fuller appreciation of the difficulties which the social and political condition of India opposed to the realization of such a policy. A statesman who could convince himself that the machinery of the English Income-tax was the most suitable contrivance for levying a similar impost from Hindostanees and Parsees, was not likely to be deterred from his enterprise by any representations of the peculiar feelings and prejudices of the people for whom he had to legislate. An inflexible determination to carry through his project was the one thing that was most needed to infuse the requisite vigour into the slovenly financial policy which had so long prevailed at Calcutta; and when the details of the scheme came to be arranged, Mr. WILSON had the practical good sense to introduce into his Bill clauses sufficiently elastic to allow the purely English method which he first proposed to be superseded in practice by others better adapted to Indian society.

Short as is the interval which has elapsed since the first appointment of a Finance Minister for India, the difficulties which will demand the attention of Mr. LAING are essentially different from those with which his predecessor had to grapple; and errors which were comparatively venial at the first stage of what is in truth a financial revolution might be altogether fatal in the more advanced position which has now been reached. The Indian administration, able as it had been in many respects, had fallen, in matters of finance, into a state of inert helplessness. The stimulus of a resolute will, combined with a prestige sufficient to overbear opposition and to conquer traditional timidity, was what was first needed to set the administrative machine in motion in the right direction. The impetus has been effectually given, and the Indian Government is thoroughly committed to the principle of restoring the equilibrium of the finances by such taxation as may be required. Skill in adjusting the details of administration is now more requisite than energy in the assertion of broad doctrines of finance, and every step in advance will render a correct appreciation of native character more and more essential to success. Very considerable advantages in this respect would have been secured by the appointment of some servant of the Indian Government whose experience in the financial settlement of outlying provinces might have been made available on a larger field. But there are other matters to be attended to which are not less important than the regulation of the new machinery of taxation, and for which English experience is absolutely necessary. At the root of all the disorganization of the Indian finances is the wretched system of account which has always made it impossible to estimate either the expenditure or the income of a future year. The Calcutta Government has often been charged, and not without reason, with the sin of excessive centralization and red-tape; but until Mr. WILSON grappled with the subject, it never seems to have occurred to any one that the thing most needed as the foundation of financial reforms was that very red-tape precision which it is the fashion in these times to decry. An intelligent system of account and audit is as much a necessity for a Government as systematically-kept books are to a trading firm. In India, a Presidency or a province was generally allowed to spend what it pleased without either preliminary estimates or subsequent audit; and though the Central Government has been in the habit of transmitting what are called balance-sheets for the information of the authorities at home, the only effect has been to show that they had neither the means of guessing the expenditure which they were likely to incur, or of estimating the revenue which they might fairly hope to collect. The organization of a business system of accounts, based on regular preliminary estimates,

and controlled by an efficient audit, was one of the first reforms which Mr. WILSON undertook. The introduction of this Budget system, as it is called in India, was not a work to be completed off-hand. It involved a rearrangement, to some extent, of the whole official business of the Empire; and the utmost that it was possible to undertake in the first broken year was to introduce a few tentative improvements, and to gather materials on which to found a more complete reformation, to date from the commencement of another financial year. The carrying out of this scheme will be, perhaps, the most arduous and important part of Mr. LAING's new duties; and it is for the sake of introducing a little English system into these matters of account, and for the organization of the projected paper currency, that the assistance of a Minister who can bring English experience to bear is chiefly required. It is not financial genius, so much as business aptitude, that is needed to ensure success in tasks like these, and Mr. LAING will find abundant work upon his hands in completing the programme which Mr. WILSON sketched without attempting any ambitious innovations. Even more than Mr. WILSON, he will have to resort to others for the special experience of India which he has not had the opportunity to acquire; and if he desires to win fame from his new career, he must be content to earn it by plodding attention to details of organization, rather than to snatch at it by attempting a policy of showy finance.

Some questions of the highest interest must, sooner or later, demand the consideration of Indian financiers. The recognition of the Indian debt as an Imperial liability, though staved off for the present, must again and again come under discussion. The murmurs of Indian fund-holders, who are compelled to pay a double Income-tax, and the more serious complaints of the home manufacturers who have suffered by the incidental protection which Mr. WILSON's tariff has afforded to their Indian rivals, are all matters which must receive further discussion. But the immediate want of India is the adjustment of her financial machinery, and Mr. LAING's success will probably depend on the singleness of purpose with which he devotes himself to this part of his duties, on the caution he may show in dealing with native peculiarities, and on the stoicism with which he may resist the temptation to illustrate his rule with coruscations of brilliant finance. If his public life has been too brief to justify unbounded confidence, it has been free from anything to warrant distrust. He has a splendid field before him, with the certainty that solid work will meet with full appreciation from his countrymen at home.

IRON-CASED FRIGATES.

THE principles of naval administration in France and England seem to be selected with the express purpose of illustrating the trite saying about the superior promptness of absolute Governments. The EMPEROR had no sooner ascertained from the experiment at Kinturn that the idea of protecting ships of war with an iron sheathing was, to a certain extent, a success, than he secured the services of the best engineer he could find, and set him to work upon the yet unsolved problem, how to construct a vessel which should be as safe as the iron batteries which defied the Russian guns, and, at the same time, as swift and handy as an ordinary frigate. The design was made; and so confidently was the issue expected that no less than ten of these costly ships were put upon the stocks at once. It would need much more information than is at present accessible as to the capabilities of the *Gloire* to say what precise amount of truth there may be in the accounts which describe her as a perfect model, swift, handy, and invulnerable. Without plunging into all the details of the controversy which the subject has excited, or discussing the exact range at which a WHITWORTH gun may be able to penetrate her armour, we may reasonably assume that the new frigate is not altogether a failure. French engineers, it is true, are no more infallible than ours, and we have seen what different conclusions have been drawn from the same experiments by scientific officers of our own navy. But some facts are certain. The *Gloire* has been tried at sea, and, according to the newspaper account, not in the best of weather; her speed has been tested, specimens of her armour plates have been battered with the most formidable artillery which France can produce; and the result is, that the EMPEROR has held a council, at which it was resolved to lay down a larger number of vessels of the same description, in addition to those which are already in course of construction.

It is possible, of course, that the French engineers are altogether deceived in their estimate of the vessel which they have so carefully tested, and that the *EMPEROR* is embarking in an idle enterprise which will end in the expenditure of many millions sterling upon a score of worthless hulks. But what if the opposite view should be nearer the truth—if the iron-sheathed frigate should prove, not invulnerable, but considerably safer than a timber ship—if her speed should be even moderately good, though not perhaps up to the thirteen or fourteen knots which the French papers boast of—if her sea-going qualities, though not first rate, should be sufficient to enable her to work her guns with effect in any ordinary weather? In that case, shall we not at some future time reluctantly admire the promptitude of the French Emperor in building by one great effort a whole fleet upon the best model of the day, instead of waiting (probably for ever) until a vessel shall be invented to combine perfect invulnerability with all the other qualities which are needed in a man-of-war?

Contrast with the course taken in France the leisurely proceedings of our own Board of Admiralty. After the trial of the clumsy batteries which were built for the Russian war, the two countries had a fair start with equal experience. At Cherbourg and at Portsmouth alike a course of experiments was tried, with the view of determining in the first place the amount of protection which iron sheathing could be made to afford. This was rational enough, and a considerable improvement on the part of the Admiralty upon the precipitation with which they had some years before rushed into the plan of building frigates of thin iron plates without ever attempting to ascertain whether the first ball that struck them might not send them to the bottom. Even a Board learns something from its past failures, and the Admiralty resolved not to expose itself a second time to the charge of reckless and precipitate action. For fully six years experiments upon iron plates have been going on, and to this day the Admiralty seems still to be halting between two opinions. The Frenchmen tried their experiments, found what iron-plates could do, and what they could not do, and, having arrived at the practical conclusion that they would add materially to the security of a ship, lost no time in acting upon the results of their experience. Our Board has had the advantage of more complete trials with artillery of greater power, but at the end of six years it has not ventured to announce or to act upon any more definite opinion on the subject than might have been formed on the day after the attack on Kinburn.

It may be said that the Admiralty have proved their belief in the efficacy of iron sheathing by ordering four ships about three years ago, and by adding one more to the number since the commotion excited by the trial of the *Gloire*. But this is rather a proof of feebleness of purpose than of anything else. On any view, it must be wrong to commence four or five of the new class of vessels of which NAPOLEON has ordered twenty, and to allow the first of these to remain unfinished and its qualities untested for years. They are either too many or too few. When once the experiments had gone so far as to justify the trial of at least one vessel of the class, the obvious course was to get her finished without an hour's unnecessary delay. If she proved a failure, the first loss would be all; if she were successful, a model would be at hand for the fleet which will be needed to cope with that which is so rapidly progressing in the dockyards of France. No time ought to be lost in completing the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, which, from their superior size, are likely enough to prove more serviceable vessels than the *Gloire* and the *Normandie*. The really difficult problem is not to construct a target which shall repel nine shots out of ten, but to build a ship capable of carrying the formidable load of sheathing, and of working her guns with effect in a heavy sea. Already, without crediting the *Gloire* with all the success which is claimed for her, there are data enough to suggest that it may be possible to build a ship which shall satisfy all the required conditions. How to do this is much more a question of naval architecture than of the power of artillery or the strength of iron. It is not necessary to discuss minutely the effect of every round shot or flat-headed bolt which has been fired against an iron-cased target. We know that no plate of four-and-a-half inches thick has yet been penetrated at a greater range than four hundred yards, and that nothing short of a smooth bore 68-pounder, or an Armstrong or Whitworth 80-pounder, has been able to injure armour of this description, even at point-blank ranges. More than this, the obvious device of setting

the plate so as to receive the blow obliquely, as proposed by Mr. JONES, has been so successful, that a much lighter sheathing has borne repeated shots from the most powerful artillery without suffering any serious damage.

It is no doubt true that in naval warfare, as has long been the case on land, the science of defence will have to contend against continually increasing powers of attack. We have Mr. LYNAM THOMAS already writing to the *Times* that his gun ought to give, at a range of 2000 yards, the same penetrating power as a 68-pounder at the shortest ranges; and even though his reasoning should not be confirmed, as it probably would not be, by actual practice, it is certainly possible that means may one day be found to pierce the sides of the *Gloire* or the *Warrior* at a very considerable distance. When the art of attack has made this advance it will be time to give a corresponding development, if practicable, to the means of defence. The possibility that in the end the power of artillery may make all attempts at protection useless, is no reason for neglecting such means of defence as are proved to be available against all but the heaviest metal at point-blank range. The art of fortification has not been abandoned because successive improvements have given a certain superiority to the attack. Forts are built of various degrees of strength, although it is known that the strongest must yield if an adequate force, provided with a sufficient siege train, chooses to devote the requisite amount of time to its reduction. So with ships. Defensive armour is not necessarily to be neglected because an enemy armed with guns of exceptional calibre might be able to demolish it, if once he could get to close quarters. Imperfect as the protection of iron sheathing may be, it will probably be found impossible to dispense with it; and the fruit of the invention will be reaped by that country which shall discover how to build a ship able to carry the encumbrance of her armour without detriment to her sea-going qualities. It is difficult to believe that a vessel of the dimensions of the *Gloire* can really behave as well in a sea as she is said to do, notwithstanding her heavy load; but it is certain that a ship of sufficient size would carry armour of any given thickness as easily as a captain's gig carries its coat of paint. It is the business of the shipbuilding department of the Admiralty to ascertain the proper size and form of a vessel designed for this purpose; and if the years so energetically spent by France had not been frittered away by the Board of Admiralty, we should long since have been in possession of a practical solution of the problem, and of an iron fleet at least as forward as that of France.

LOVING CRITICISM.

THE author of a very able and instructive criticism on Mr. Thackeray's writings in the last *Westminster Review* has happened to use a term which he may have used by chance, or which may have meant something to his mind, but which has become a piece of delusive clap-trap among inferior writers. He tells us that certain works of art of which he is speaking are only to be appreciated by "loving and reverent criticism." It would be absurd to say that such a phrase is necessarily an incorrect, or unmeaning, or bad one; but on the first hearing it we can detect a jingle which tells us that the region of vague thought and grandiloquent morality is not far off; and, as a matter of fact, we know that this is one of the phrases which both writers and readers allow to stand between themselves and accuracy of judgment. Originally the phrase was natural enough. It had a temporary and historical value. The school of writers who first brought it into use consisted of men whose leading antipathy was to the conceit of the nineteenth century, and whose leading topic was the greatness displayed by the human mind in certain ages that were very ill judged. They were struck with astonishment and filled with indignation when they compared, on the one hand, the intensity of intellectual and moral effort which the labours of the great dead indicated to their practised eye, and, on the other, the petty acts of supercilious indifference with which the ignorant critic and hasty traveller of the present day treated the glories of the past as almost beneath notice. By patient study and by the instinctive sympathy of genius, a few persons learnt what had been really intended and really accomplished by those whose works have survived the wreck of time. They preached to their generation the results of their own experience. They told their contemporaries who criticised the great works of great men, that the only way for the critic to understand the man he criticised was to acknowledge that the servant was beneath his master, and the disciple beneath his teacher, and that they must follow the path of thought and enterprise where the great men led them, before they could pretend to judge where it was taking them. The critic must, in fact, think himself the inferior, and reverse his superior. His criticism must cease to be presumptuous, and must become reverent. And the comprehension of great minds involves much labour and much patient study. The task cannot

be taken up to any profit unless the student has fostered a strong liking for it. His criticism must, they said, by a rather bold use of language, be a "loving" one. This they proclaimed to be the only mode of judging the great creations of the human intellect with any degree of success, and it was the exact opposite to the mode which they found generally practised. To conceit, therefore, they preached humility, and to contemptuous indifference they preached affectionate patience.

They took up their parable to their generation, and, whatever faults of manner and method they may have displayed, no one can doubt that they were right, that they have done a vast amount of substantial good, and that the general level of criticism has been greatly raised by their efforts. But all these parables addressed to particular generations have the disadvantage of leaving behind them a set of phrases which are adopted as having an acknowledged value because their value at one time was real, but which, after the occasion that called them forth has passed away, become mere obstacles to clear and independent thought. "Reverent and loving criticism" is one of these phrases. The general lesson which it once taught has been successfully inculcated. No critic who has the least pretensions to critical power is now unaware that he must try to understand what was meant and felt by the person on whom he is passing a judgment. But the phrase remains, and its present use can be distinctly traced to its origin. It was from the first didactic. It told people what they were to do. It conveyed a rebuke, and suggested the road to amendment. But the persons who first used it had a right to use it, for they had the vantage-ground of real knowledge, diligently acquired; and the purpose for which they used it was unassailable, for they only asked for reverence and love towards what was confessedly and undeniably great. It is very different when the phrase is used merely by one of a crowd towards his fellows, and with regard to works the value of which has yet to be settled. An ordinary critic who says of a new production that it must be approached with reverent and loving criticism, really tells us nothing but that he likes the thing, and that, if we do not like it, he should consider us the sort of people that wanted a good sermon hurled against them. We remember to have read somewhere, when Mr. Hunt's picture was first exhibited this year, that it could not be judged properly unless it was approached with reverence. This was entirely begging the question of its merits. It was saying, "This is a great work of art, and if you do not think so, you are not a judge of art." It was substituting dogmatism for criticism. It was evident that the writer really wished to do more than express his own opinion, which of course he had a perfect right to do. He wished to give a slap in the face to those who dared to disagree with him. He wished to let them know that it was their moral obliquity that prevented their seeing as he did. It comes to the old assertion of all dogmatists, that it is very wicked to disagree with them. What he would have been justified in saying would have been, "I think this a great picture, and if I am right, it is evident that it can only be understood by trying to follow the painter's thought, and taking the necessary trouble to do so." No one can fail to see that there is a difference between saying this and saying that the picture must be criticised reverently and lovingly; and the difference expressed the writer's pleasure in sermonizing his neighbours.

Criticism, in the long run, has only one duty—that of being true. What is wanted is that the judgment pronounced should be a true judgment, not that it should be reverent or loving. To estimate merit or demerit by the right standard is the sole aim of a critic. Of course, if the work he is criticising is acknowledged to be great, he is bound to take great pains to understand it, and he must be well aware that he cannot possibly arrive at a true judgment about it unless he enters into the conception that lies at the bottom of it, and examines minutely the mode in which this conception has been worked. These are the resources of his art, the steps by which he arrives at truth. If an author is not intelligible, or if he has no thought worth investigating, or if what he has is limited, the task of the critic is easy. If the thought can be understood, but is complex and comprehensive, his task is difficult. "Reverent and loving criticism" merely means criticism which, if true, is necessarily laborious. But it seems to mean something more, and this false appearance cannot be worn without doing harm. It may seem at first that it can make little difference whether we say of criticism that it is laborious in the search of truth or that it is reverent and loving. But practically it makes a considerable difference, for the better-sounding phrase calls people off from the task of passing a true and just judgment, and makes them inclined to substitute a subtle kind of self-applause for the simple wish to be right. It is quite worth while to prevent this; for it is only by tearing away all the veils which people construct to hide realities from their minds that they can be taught to think fairly and freely.

There are, we think, two ways in which the use of this phrase, "reverent and loving criticism," tends to inspire a forgetfulness that the single aim of criticism is to be true. In the first place, it offers a premium on all prejudices and on the cherished opinions of all cliques and sets. What people principally stick to and believe in, and refuse to examine and discuss, is exactly that which they revere and love. Nothing, therefore, seems so comfortable as to hear that by judging of favourite opinions in a reverent and loving spirit, a good judg-

ment is formed. Let us take, for example, the case of a religious party. A work is brought out by a leader of this party, and is submitted to the criticism (if we may use the term) of the party at large. Those who attempt to guide the opinions of the party will proclaim that this new work is to be approached only with reverence, and be made the subject of "loving criticism." Practically, this means that all the readers are to preserve an attitude of slavish and unquestioning admiration, unless they wish to be outcasts. It may be said that such a book ought not to be the subject of loving criticism, and that this species of judgment is properly reserved for great books. But who is to be the judge? Every partisan thinks himself at liberty to adopt his own standard of greatness and goodness when reverence and love are made the test of good judgment. Any one who pleases can say of any product of the human mind that it is to be judged reverently. If A thinks that an accurate representation of two unripe peaches is a great picture, to be judged of with reverent and loving criticism, who is to gainsay him? If B says that Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* can only be comprehended if it is studied in a spirit of love, how are we to know he is wrong? We never tried, and are no judges. It is precisely because what are called reverence and love are made the instruments of judging a writer that all external criticism is utterly powerless to shake the faith of a clique in the infallibility of its idol. Arguing, for instance, never alters the opinion of the kind of people who believe in Dr. Cumming. They are not staggered by finding the date of the end of the world altered about once in six months. They do not agree that their apostle is to be judged of by the canons of sober reason. They say that the right way to judge him is to go reverently and lovingly through all his varying applications of the obscure names in Ezekiel to modern statesmen. It cannot be doubted that they are encouraged to do so by a general habit of speaking which they find in books quite unconnected with their favourite author, and which speaks of reverence and love as the proper instruments of criticism. Of course, a writer of real ability understands that truth is everything, and that reverence and love are steps to it, and therefore he may use the phrase as the author of the article in the *Westminster* uses it, as if every one must regard it in the light in which it appears to him. But it so exactly falls in with the tastes of narrow thinkers and minor fanatics to adopt it in a sense which makes it imply that the necessity for independent examination can be superseded by the attainment of a particular frame of mind, that they would be utterly unlike themselves if they did not take advantage of their opportunity.

Then, again, this phrase lends some sanction to the process by which a very different and very superior order of critics is tempted to swerve from the proper task of criticism. The foundation of the phrase is the call upon the judge to enter into the meaning of the judged. It is perfectly right and perfectly indispensable that he should do so; but it is quite possible that he may be too satisfied with doing it. He may content himself with understanding; and understanding is not judging. There are critics who make the passing of an opinion entirely subordinate to the setting out what the person criticised is understood by his admirers, or by the critic himself, to mean. This is useful, but it is not critical. It is properly an instrumental, not a final process. A critic is bound to have an opinion of his own, not only as to the meaning but as to the value of what is written. Persons may ask why a critic should think his opinion of the value of a great book or work of art is the least worth publishing? Why does he not merely reverently and lovingly study, instead of pronouncing his miserably small and insignificant opinion? There is some sense in this, but then it goes too far. It cuts up criticism altogether by the roots. It shows, not that criticism should be loving and reverent, but that it should not exist. The error lies in measuring the worth of the critic's opinion by an utterly false standard. The critic's opinion is a very poor thing as compared with the great work he criticises; but it is not necessarily a poor thing as compared with the opinions of other persons who have taken less pains to form a true and just judgment. The world at large must have opinions of some sort about books and paintings, and the critic offers to make these opinions a little truer by expressing an opinion that is the result of study and reflection. It is by offering a definite opinion as a starting point for thought that he does what little good it lies in his power to do. If he fails to offer a definite opinion, he does not supply his readers with what they want from him; and it certainly appears to us that the notion that criticism ought to be reverent and loving tends to make a critic hazy and indeterminate, whereas the notion that criticism ought to be true tends to make him clear and precise.

THE RECENT CRISIS IN THE VATICAN.

THERE is more truth than people have been willing to think in the assertion that foolish friends have been anxious to make the Pope run away from Rome. Those friends are indeed very foolish, but they are beyond suspicion of being in collusion with foreign plotters. During the last fortnight, the Vatican has, in truth, been the stage for an intense struggle between rival influences for monopolizing the custody of that august lay figure, Pope Pius IX. So even was the contest for a while that the needle of the Vatican was altogether off its bearings, and no one could say for certain whether the cold clear gleam of Antonelli's steady

twinkle, or the hot glare of Merode's frantic fanaticism, would remain in the ascendant; for it is between these two influences that Pius IX. has recently been so sadly tossed about.

Count Cavour's ultimatum, followed by invasion, fanned into a blaze the mystic fervour of which the Pope had gathered a tolerable stock. That great and supreme moment on which he had so often dwelt with calmness seemed really at hand, when it would become his duty—his joyful duty—to encounter the bliss of martyrdom on behalf of religion. The aspect of affairs had grown threatening enough to give him an excuse for looking up the breviary with which, under his arms, he had repeatedly announced his intention to proceed, in God's name, to the Catacombs, there to confront, in the dignified attitude of Christian resignation, the extreme outrages of godless sacrilege. In his excited disposition towards apostolical aspirations, the Pope was naturally prone to entertain congenial suggestions, and Merode knew how to captivate his imagination in favour of departure through the very impulses that before had inspired him with the contrary sentiment, never to forsake the primitive sanctuaries of Christianity. To stay any longer in Rome, Merode urged, was for the Pope to expose himself to the charge of a worldly regard for the flesh-pots of a sovereign existence. By abiding in his capital after the manifestly treacherous complicity of his vaunted guardian with his assailants, would make the Holy Father aggravate his painful position by a loss of dignity which it depended on himself to avoid. Therefore he implored him publicly to repudiate all further contact with the Judas of the Church. Taking himself away, no matter whither, the Head of Christendom was then to stand forth upon the pedestal of principle, and thence, in the majesty of moral heroism, fulminate from out of the fulness of his spiritual armoury against the hosts of impiety who, Merode really believed, would be miraculously crushed by these transcendent bolts.

These frantic counsels met with a fortuitous combination of support. First, the whole drivelling set of household visionaries—the Pope's delicious bedchamber clique of Talbots, Borromeos, and others—concurred in boundless laudation of advice which they called the voice of holy wisdom, and of a measure which their own fanaticism proclaimed to be the certain stepping-stone to immediate triumph. Then the repeated suggestions that came from Lamoricière tallied with these views. With a self-confidence not justified by events, over and over again he entreated the Pope to entrust his person to the protection of his army, and transfer his residence to Ancona, where he would be in a position to drop all consideration for the treacherous friend who in Rome watched him as a jailor, and would escape the danger of his further machinations. Although at the time, these suggestions were steadily declined, still, coming from a man like Lamoricière, they could not glance past the Pope without leaving an impression, which, under the influence of events apparently corroborative of their wisdom, revived with the force peculiar to compunction for an oversight. Moreover, Cardinal Antonelli, to whose sober astuteness all frantic flights were supremely distasteful, happened at a critical moment to deprive himself of the power of effectually combating the plan of departure, by having, in an unguarded transport of indignation, committed himself to an official threat of adopting it. This slip was due to a highly natural fit of anger at the contemptible preparations of French diplomacy. On the news of the invasion of the Papal States, the French Ambassador flew to the Vatican. There he made such spontaneous and distinct asseverations of his Sovereign's determination actively to interfere by force of arms in the Pope's behalf, that in spite of the Cardinal's perfect appreciation of the veracity peculiar to the French Embassy at Rome, the shrewd scepticism with which he had at first listened was at length shaken. These reiterated asseverations were indeed of such superfluous abundance and categorical distinctness, that it is hard to conceive how they could have been made by any one conscious at the time of their absolute falseness, unless he were insane. French politicians are not famous for good faith, but only idiots deal wilfully in misrepresentations so palpable and so gross as to be doomed to immediate detection. For these communications involved not merely an expression of intentions—which might be subject to involuntary misapprehension—but statements of occurrences, accompanied with official vouchers, which proved to be partly deliberate inventions and partly gross distortions of the fact. It was announced that the French Emperor, indignant at the outrage committed by Piedmont, was prepared to oppose it by force of arms—that already a complete rupture between the former allies had been publicly declared—and that a large French army was actually despatched for Rome, thence to operate against the invaders. It was not ordinary war which the language of French diplomacy indicated, but war to the knife against Piedmont—war to the extermination of the brittle conformation of the new-born State. Nor was all this whispered into the Pope's private ear. It was bruited about with an ostentatious and immoderate publicity which apparently showed an anxious desire to let the full knowledge of these declarations reach even the most obscure nooks of the capital. Antonelli cannot be accused of rashness, when, in presence of such proceedings, he at last really believed France to be occupied in nailing its colours to the mast for a *bona-fide* contest with Piedmont. Might not the inscrutable politician at the Tuileries have found himself cheated of his stipulated pay, and turn against his confederate with the spite of defrauded complicity? But, bit by bit, there soon dropped

in the indubitable evidence of the falseness of all these representations. Instead of presiding over armaments, the Emperor was amusing himself with a progress through his African dominions. The rupture with Piedmont—announced as a positive and fulfilled fact—resolved itself into the unmeaning departure from Turin of the head of the French mission; while the army which from Rome was to fight the invaders, appeared in the shape of a regiment pacifically escorting, on his return to his old command, that innocuous carpet-warrior, General Goyon. When asked what special service he had returned to perform, that distinguished commander was at a loss to give an explanation. His Imperial Majesty had happened to suggest to him whether he would not like to revisit Rome, proposing to him to take an additional regiment for a retinue, and, with the devotion of a loyal soldier, he had at once acted up to the gracious intimation. That was all he knew. As for instructions, he had brought in his portmanteau a very remarkable document, which, being in the shape of an order of the day, he felt that he could not do better than publish. This was indeed a pathetic composition which must have cost profound meditation, and singularly gladdened the spirits of the French garrison in Rome by the communication of the interesting ethnological discovery that they were own brethren to certain red-breeched labourers of Christ's vineyard in Cochinchina and Syria. General Goyon was perfectly justified in reckoning that an effect would be produced by so remarkable an address, and that a command inaugurated by it would forthwith evoke singular expectations. So, immediately afterwards, he felt himself driven to address to the Pope's Government a pressing demand for the key to the well-known lath and plaster castle crowning Ponte Molle. There, regardless of the dangers to which he exposed himself upon the rickety battlements of this advanced rampart, General Goyon established in approved position his spy-glass, and proceeded to sweep the horizon with the assiduity of a vigilant soldier.

This was the moment when Merode took the Pope by storm, and for an instant dragged even Antonelli along in his wake. In a natural paroxysm of indignation at the infamous duplicity practised upon him, the Pope called for a distinct and categorical declaration whether France was prepared to act up at once to the various assurances made by her representative, for that, if not, he was resolved forthwith to leave Rome. The perplexity exhibited by the French Embassy on receipt of this challenge was intense. When one considers how naturally such a measure might be prompted by the continual provocation put upon the Papal Government by the proceedings of the French Embassy, the evident fact that the case had not been contemplated in its instructions involuntarily suggests a surmise whether the excessive professions previously proffered were not due to unauthorized indiscretions, the result of strong personal passions. Certain it is, that the most helpless bewilderment was exhibited how to meet the responsibility involved in the reply to this ultimatum. From strutting with the pompous self-assurance of having absolute command over the Vatican, the French Ambassador collapsed in an instant into a humble suitor to the Pope, entreating him to stay his departure until his first secretary had time to obtain the Emperor's decision. The Pope consented to delay. M. de Cadore flew to Marseilles in the face of a furious gale; and the ambassador, overcome with emotion, hid (in Oriental phrase) his diminished face during the respite—that is to say, he took to his bed, while the honest General, dimly conscious of something like a prevailing flutter, turned to brighten up his Dollond for a stare with redoubled intensity into space. At this moment departure was as fixed a resolve with the Pope as anything connected with the future well can be. During three days the mind of the Vatican ran on no other subject than travel. Merode's indefatigable activity assumed fabulous proportions under the exhilarating exercise of preparations. Spain and the old episcopal city of Wurtzburg appeared the favourites between which the Pope oscillated as his adopted residence. But the delay involved by the engagement to await M. de Cadore's return deprived Merode of his triumph. With men like Pius IX., time, instead of maturing, unsettles resolutions—the thoughts of the evening being generally displaced by the morning's reflections. During the eight days' lull imposed by the secretary's mission, Antonelli, who had quickly recovered from his momentary aberration, succeeded in again making good his influence over the Pope. Forlorn and gloomy as is Antonelli's position now, under the brunt of a desperate conflict, it is yet preferable to any prospectively in store for him in a course of foreign wanderings after the Pope. It is not a wretched clinging to the shadow of his office that is Antonelli's ruling motive for staying in Rome. He is disinclined to departure, because his astuteness is alive both to the general political disadvantages of the step, and to the increased dangers to which it must expose his private interests. For if the Piedmontese came into possession of Rome, Antonelli and his family might expect some highly unpleasant investigations, leading to scandalous revelations, and very probably to a painful process of disorgement—seriously disagreeable incidents, from which he will enjoy immunity as long as the Pope retains, at all events, sovereign prerogatives. But Antonelli required all his arts and all his suppleness to weaken the footing which Merode had made good over the Pope. Never has the Cardinal's influence had to contend with greater dangers, and never did he reveal greater skill in handling a skittish subject. He manages the Pope as an

experienced fisherman gets the better of a salmon. The victory gained by the Cardinal over Merode is so complete that it amounts to a new lease of power from the irresolute Pontiff with whom lies interlinked his destiny.

No doubt this result was powerfully assisted by the daily growing sense of the practical difficulties attending departure. Not that the Pope would have been prevented by force—he is no prisoner, and the French have shown no disposition to detain him violently. But a serious embarrassment presented itself, how to obtain that approbation of the Cardinals which cannot be dispensed with, for a step taken as the deliberate protest of the head of the Church on behalf of its sacred principles. Self-preservation might excuse the surreptitious flight of a Pope; but deliberately to remove the seat of the primacy from Rome, without any show of concurrence from the Cardinals, is what the Pope never durst do. Such an arbitrary proceeding would infallibly induce an opposition in the Sacred College verging on schism, and thoroughly frustrating the significance of the measure as a solemn act of the Church. It is barely credible that the Pope could have got any considerable number, much less a majority, of Cardinals to side with him for going away. Even the most timid would have ventured to speak out in deprecation of what to most must have appeared an indefinite captivity in foreign parts. For once, therefore, the Cardinals really wished well from their hearts to Antonelli, as his craft steadily began to gain upon the Pontiff. That the result would necessitate much swallowing of leeks did not affect Antonelli's far from squeamish stomach; while the Pope, once rocked out of his burst of passion, easily forgot all about what had occurred. And so it has happened. M. de Cadore has returned, bringing, as far as we can make out, nothing of any real consequence calculated essentially to modify the state of things which caused all this hubbub; yet it appears agreed that everybody should put a smiling face on matters. The most substantial result is the arrival of 10,000 additional French troops to reinforce the garrison of Rome. But of war with Piedmont, or of seriously hostile demonstrations to arrest her progress, we hear no more mention. Perhaps what is most singular in all this is to observe how the downright falsification of the ambassador's asseverations—the complete demolition of all whereon one would have believed that functionary to have staked credit and reputation—has had the happiest effect on his shattered nerves. Possibly he has become himself again, on the philosophical reflection that, after what he has unflinchingly faced, nothing in the womb of futurity can have for him any more the sharpness of humiliation. As for our friend left up in the tower, General Goyon, he has long ago flown down its stairs with an alarming nimbleness, in the delight of having his strategic genius promoted to the arduous problem of getting his 10,000 fresh men housed without accident. It is true that remarkably persistent reports reach us that French troops are to occupy Viterbo, Orvieto, and some other revolted towns. This would indeed be sad in the highest degree, for it would helplessly expose their inhabitants to the fury of ecclesiastical vengeance. It is therefore a comfort to believe that the serious proportions ostentatiously ascribed to the occupation of new ground rest solely on the authority of those who are public accredited agents of France. The movements that have really taken place are to be profoundly deplored, but there is ground to hope that they will not attain the importance which the Emperor's pompous subalterns would fain ascribe to them.

Thus there has been an almost general shakedown on the part of those who got up this strange hubbub. The historical breviary has been put back into its hiding-place for the present, and the Pope has postponed indefinitely his intention to exchange a comfortable pillow in the Vatican for a damp *puzzolano* pallet in the Catacombs. French soldiers continue, as hitherto, to mount their daily guard, and all is sunshine and satisfaction with General and Ambassador. Poor Merode alone still lives in emotions which have ceased to be the fashion. He still dreams of legions and enlists paladins against that impending Armageddon battle of Papal Restoration in which he pants to distinguish himself. Such is his state of bellicose excitement that, to keep his blood within bounds, it has been necessary to put the Monsignore in a military suit. It is to be sincerely hoped that this remedy may have had the effect of a sedative on his irritated system. One serious consideration, however, cannot but arise at sight of this entangled web of cross-purposes. What is really intended by this endless shiftiness on the part of those who are the accredited agents and representatives of France? We have no maudlin sympathies with the Pope's sovereign power. The sooner its lumber is swept away thoroughly, and buried beyond recovery, the better. By all means let the job be done perfectly, and everybody will find himself the happier for it. But what security have we that, in the end, it is really meant to allow of a clean sweep, when we find the powerful individual on whom alone now depends the existence of a Papal sovereignty steadily countenancing such deliberate misstatements and such discreditable proceedings on the part of his servants? If the ambassador ventured to volunteer his excessive asseverations in the name of his Sovereign without authority, why is that Sovereign so careless of his honour as not to disavow and discard an agent by whom he has been so grievously compromised? It is hard to conceive a person who has attained his high diplomatic rank capable of such levity. Yet this is, after all, the least damaging explanation for this functionary's character that can be found. In fact, only two others are pos-

sible, if this one be incorrect. Either the ambassador was all through aware that his asseverations were nothing but a perfidious snare—in which case we must congratulate him on an unparalleled power of stomaching dirty work—or he himself had been duped by an unscrupulous employer. In that event, he would at this moment be exhibiting a humiliating spectacle of degradation by still wearing, after so gross an affront, the Imperial livery, even if his master should proffer to his seriously compromised credibility the infinitesimal salve of an idle occupation of towns immediately around Rome. Whatever aspect of Imperial policy we look at, we always meet a discreditable side of human nature. Also it is instructive to mark what kind of characters the French Government chooses to employ. We confess that they abound in gifts which may be requisite for the functions incumbent upon Imperialist diplomatists. They may be bespangled legionaries of the Star of Honour; but their proceedings unmistakeably prove an utter lack of the simple qualities indispensable for an ordinary gentleman.

PHILOSOPHICAL RADICALS.

SIR JOHN BOWRING'S speech on the ballot contained and has produced some observations of more interest than can usually be expected from a speech on such a subject. There are not many men who, in these days, would avow themselves to be Philosophical Radicals, and whoever did so might be sure that his confession of faith would be met—as Sir John Bowring's was by the *Times*—with the remark, that no sect had been so unpopular or so unsuccessful. The first charge is so obviously and completely true that the second was certain to be made. The Philosophical Radicals opposed themselves in the most prepotent manner to some of the commonest instincts of commonplace Englishmen. They had great self-confidence, a strong belief in abstract principles, considerable indifference to compromises, very little respect for established opinions, and a strong dose of unamiable, and especially of untheological philanthropy. With these qualifications they undertook a set of enterprises of extraordinary importance. They set themselves no less a task than that of recasting the whole fabric of English society. Jeremy Bentham and his various disciples demanded of their generation the radical reform of the law, the revision of almost all our political institutions, the adoption of a new set of principles in commercial legislation, and extensive changes in the very framework of society, and in the systems of education by which people are prepared to play a part in it. These demands were urged for many years with a considerable degree of pertinacity, and were in several instances (as in the case of the University of London) brought to the test of experiment. It is now asserted with great confidence that experience has refuted the pretensions of the Philosophical Radicals—that our institutions, whether political or connected with education, are conducted on the old principles, that the ballot will never be adopted, or the classics neglected amongst us, and that the Utilitarians and their schemes may be regarded as things of the past. There is some truth in this, but there is a great deal of injustice, and some inquiry into the proportion which the truth and the injustice bear to each other may be interesting.

It is perfectly true that the Philosophical Radicals were a small and very unpopular sect. Some half-dozen names would go far to constitute the list. It is also true that upon some most important points they utterly failed, in consequence of the defects of their theory of human life and nature, to carry the nation with them. But it is so far from being true that their theories were altogether unfruitful, that hardly any body of men have produced greater, more permanent, or, on the whole, more beneficial results upon the management of national affairs; and the means by which they succeeded in producing them are at least as well worthy of attention in the present day as the effects themselves. There are at least three great departments of legislation in which the Philosophical Radicals have produced immense results. They have an undeniable claim to be considered as the originators of almost the whole of our law reforms, of our modern commercial legislation, and of the new Poor-Law; and on the other hand, they have certainly failed to prevail on the country at large to adopt their views as to politics or education in their full extent, though they have produced a very great change, in the direction of their own views, in the current modes of thinking and arguing upon these subjects.

Of the many controversies which of late years have engaged public attention, none have been brought to a conclusion so definite and certain as those which related to law reform and free trade. Yet they were debated with all the vehemence which supposed personal interest could supply to practised ingenuity; and though the new Poor-Law had to contend not merely with the opposition of an infinite number of jobbers, but with the opposition of a great amount of kindly though ill-informed sentiment, it has done more to raise the character of the labouring poor, and to increase their prosperity, than any other measure ever passed through Parliament. In all these most important instances the Philosophical Radicals obtained a complete triumph, and the reason of this is very remarkable. In each of the three cases, the measures recommended by them were the application of abstract principles—the abstract principles investigated and enforced by Bentham in respect of law reform, and the abstract principles of political economy in the cases of free trade and the new

Poor-Law, the truth of which principles is not in the present day seriously disputed by any person entitled to attention. This fact refutes the common assertion that the failures of the Philosophical Radicals discredit the application of abstract theory to political affairs—an assertion which owes its danger as well as its popularity to the degree in which it flatters idleness and ignorance. Wherever they proposed the application of principles of which the truth was capable of being fully proved upon independent grounds, the Philosophical Radicals produced vast practical results, and succeeded by mere argument in persuading the country to adopt a variety of measures which were in many points of view intensely unpopular, and yet which produced the very effects which it was predicted that they would produce. History supplies hardly any evidence of the degree in which abstract principles may be treated as the basis of legislation so cogent as that which is supplied by our own economical and social history during the last thirty years.

The history of the successes of the Philosophical Radicals is remarkable, not only on account of the proof which it gives of the importance of abstract principles in legislation, but because a comparison of the subjects on which they succeeded with those on which they failed throws great light on the question as to the sort of abstract political principles relating to legislation which have as yet been proved to be true. The subjects on which it may be fairly contended that the Philosophical Radicals have failed, are the modification of our political institutions, and of the universities and other places of education. Whoever takes the pains of examining the matter fairly will see that their failure upon these subjects was owing to the defects of their theories respecting them, and not to any want of practical sagacity. To point out the principles upon which legislation should proceed in reference to matters connected with trade or the administration of justice, is comparatively easy, because the object of the law-giver is clear. Even with respect to the poor-laws, the problem to be solved, though of the last importance, was reducible to very simple principles. This is by no means the case with regard to the general character of political institutions, or the system pursued at places of education. It is possible to make a considerable number of isolated observations about the effects which such institutions produce, and the objects for which they exist, but it is not possible to describe them in a few comprehensive sentences. The early Philosophical Radicals, and especially Jeremy Bentham, fell into the mistake of supposing that this was practicable, and all his political writings bear the traces of this fundamental error. His maxims as to the greatest happiness of the greatest number form an excellent basis for the practical purposes to which a legislator wishes to apply morality; but they give an extremely imperfect account of the objects of human life, and as there are hardly any, if any, of these to which politics and education do not stand in a very close relation, it is not surprising that the attempt to solve problems connected with those subjects by reference to them should have had very imperfect results. The most eminent of Bentham's disciples, Mr. John Mill, has pointed out this in an elaborate criticism on his master. He says, with great truth, that Bentham's theory of life was altogether too small and narrow, and that it omitted some of the most important of the elements which ought to be taken into account by writers who discuss moral and political subjects. This is the true account of the failure of the Philosophical Radicals, so far as they can be justly charged with failure. Their mistake was not, as is sometimes asserted, and more frequently insinuated, that they based their practical measures upon theoretical principles, but that the theory was not complete enough. The real lesson to be drawn from their history is that nothing is so powerful as a theoretical principle which is capable of being shown to be true; for nothing but the truth of the principles which they professed would have enabled them to overcome the unpopularity with which the subject-matter of their recommendations and the manner in which they were made surrounded them. This conclusion derives additional force from a comparison between what has been done by the Philosophical Radicals in their own departments and by other reformers, equally zealous but unprovided with any specific theory, in the departments in which they are said to have failed. Our political institutions have undergone many and even fundamental changes, which hardly profess to rest upon any principle. Besides the Reform Bill of 1832, we have had a whole series of abortive Reform Bills, none of which rested upon any theoretical principles, and none of which gave the least approach to satisfaction. In education, we have had a long series of partial undertakings by all sorts of persons acting independently of each other, who have attempted to promote the education of various classes of society. They have no doubt succeeded in doing a great deal of good, but they have failed to give a real solution of the problem. What ought to be the relation of the State to public education?—as the authors of our various reform bills have failed to solve the problem. What are the true principles of representative government? It is of course no reproach to those who have occupied themselves with these subjects that they have failed to find anything more than an approximation to a practical solution of the immensely difficult problems which they involve; but no one can compare the state of our opinions upon political institutions with those which we entertain upon law reform or free-trade without feeling what an enormous advantage it is to have a considerable body of well-established doctrines upon any political question with which it

may be necessary to deal. When a question of law or finance is under discussion, it is always possible to appeal to certain well-known principles of admitted truth and authority; but when there is a discussion about Parliamentary Reform or national education, every one is at sea, and we only get a series of observations more or less sensible and well intended, which people make as they happen to strike them. It is quite true that this is the best that we can get, but it is not so good as to give us a right to despise the only party that ever met with even partial success in the attempt to found political practice upon theoretical principles.

NAPLES AND THE CAMP.

THE half-unnoticed lapse of days and weeks, uninterestingly tranquil and monotonous, which ordinarily makes up the sum of civilized existence, is something strangely different indeed from the sort of delirious agitation which the close proximity of a great danger and the strange vicissitudes of each new act of the political drama have by this time rendered habitual to all classes of Neapolitan society. The martial sounds which stirred the hot blood of the member for Marylebone have, indeed, for the time died away; but the desperate struggle which is raging on the banks of the Volturno supplies almost every hour some new theme for exultation, wonder, or despondency. Rumour hovers over the excited multitude, and universal curiosity finds relief in the hasty propagation and eager acceptance of a hundred wild conceptions. Everybody is anxious to hear and tell the news, except the few who know enough to be sure that nothing can be known, or whom official positions condemn to a discreet taciturnity. A general attack, a Mazzinian conspiracy, a meditated barricade, some new marvellous escape or daring feat of arms, some exquisitely melodramatic sentiment put into the mouth of the hero of the occasion—these and a whole family of kindred topics flit all day long from mouth to mouth, grow with the rapid growth of congenial exaggeration, flourish for a brief summer of popular acceptance, and soon perish to make way for some stranger, newer, and therefore more attractive fiction. The orders of the day, with which from time to time the walls of the city are placarded, are just enough to stimulate the inquisitiveness which they certainly fail to gratify; and the sight of wounded men carried through the streets, or Royalist prisoners protected by National Guards from the wild justice of the mob, or of ragged arrays of recruits tramping in to the sound of some national air, is constantly collecting an eager multitude in the already swarming streets, and supplying fresh fuel to the blazing fire of popular excitement.

Amidst a multitude of uncertainties, however, there seems a general agreement of opinion as to the serious nature of the crisis to which, for the first day or two of October, the destinies of the city and its inhabitants were exposed. The promise of the King to his soldiers that on the 4th he would lead them back to his capital, there to enjoy a protracted saturnalia of violence and revenge, was no doubt part of the general scheme which resulted in the desperate struggles at the camp on the 1st, and the unsuccessful attempt to carry Maddaloni, and so to cut off the position at Caserta on that and the following days. The Royalist army might, however, have found themselves in an awkward position even if they had succeeded in cutting off Garibaldi's line of retreat and placing themselves between his force and the city. All classes at Naples are so completely compromised, and the evidence of the King's willingness to go all lengths in the chastisement of his refractory subjects is so entirely beyond dispute, that the royalist army would have had to effect an entry against all that determined resistance which the energy of despair renders easy to the least courageous. The National Guard is of course entirely unused to actual fighting, and some of its members might be expected, should the opportunity offer, to show symptoms of vacillation, and to attempt to atone for past insubordination by speedy repentance and perfidious abandonment of their late associates. But the character of the young King is such as to render the occurrence of such an opportunity extremely improbable, and a belief in his tender mercies would tempt but few of the revolutionists to faint-heartedness or bad faith in the cause which they have once espoused. There is to be seen at Naples the protest which a member of the late Ministry presented to his Sovereign against the murderous scheme of a bombardment to which Francis II. was himself favourable, and for which all due preparations had been made at St. Elmo; and the cruel destruction of Palermo must have convinced the tribe of waverers that prudence and honour for once pointed in the same direction, and that a manful resistance was now the one course by which they could hope to escape the horrors of military outrage and the merciless impartiality of Bourbon retribution. Each day swells the ranks of the organized defenders of the town, and a copious stream of reinforcements flows almost uninterruptedly day and night to the Garibaldian encampment. Meanwhile, a profound anxiety may be read in the eager looks and passionate gestures which are observable everywhere but in that lowest class to which, as it has nothing to hope and little to lose, one form of government is much the same as another. Fishermen, fruit-sellers, mendicants, and thieves enjoy a comfortable immunity from the cares and dangers which convulse the higher strata of society, and the disorders consequent upon a military occupation of the city naturally possess no terrors for men who would find in them only a welcome

opportunity of unaccustomed license or plunder. The various reports of the approach of the Piedmontese army, with which for several weeks the prevailing nervousness of the inhabitants has been to a certain degree allayed, have now assumed a definite and authentic shape; and, unless the King's advisers should have determined upon some very unexpected movement, it is probable that the campaign will remain at its present dead-lock until Victor Emmanuel's reinforcements have given so incontestable a superiority to the besiegers as to reduce the royalists to some form of capitulation. The desperate hazards of the 1st and 2nd of October have no doubt convinced the Dictator of the perils to which any resolute resistance or able strategy must at once expose his heterogeneous armament. Garibaldi's position is now quite as much one of defence as attack, and though there is a little firing from either side at each other's newly constructed batteries or earthworks, both parties seem for the present content with a vigilant attitude of preparedness for any sudden move on the part of the enemy. It is, of course, a blow to the pride of the victorious Garibaldians to find their tide of conquest dashing harmlessly against the first stone that has checked its course, and to have to wait for the co-operation of an ally to complete the success which was at first exclusively their own; but the fierce hand-to-hand fighting which they have recently experienced, and the complete failure of the King to carry their position, supply ample grounds for mutual encouragement and increased self-reliance.

The streets of the little town of Caserta, down which a week ago the Royalist cavalry were making their way, present an extraordinary spectacle of crowd, bustle, and animation. There is quiet at the camp, but a battle of the very fiercest order is raging in every *café* and *trattoria* in the place. The sincerest patriotism is compatible with a prodigious appetite, and the Garibaldians are equally decided as to a liberated Italy and a good dinner. A dashing descent is being effected upon all the good things which the culinary resources of Caserta bring within the reach of the love or money of the hungry warriors. Experienced campaigners may be seen with half a yard of bread impaled on a bayonet, a pile of kid steaks in one hand, and the elements of a future salad in the other. Here are stalwart Calabrese, covered with dust and gunpowder, drinking veritable Falernian out of quaint silver-bound goblets, the probable relics of some Spanish grandee. Here is a happy youth who has carried off a mountain of macaroni, while his companion in arms brings up the rear with the necessary adjuncts of tomato and parmesan. Everywhere wine is flowing in rivers, and yet the visitor will search in vain for a single instance of drunkenness, quarrel, or mischief. No crowd was ever more disorderly or more good-natured. Everybody, of course, has some individual experiences of the late fight to compare with those of his fellows. Some were with the gallant Bixio at Maddaloni, when he led them down to the bridge, told them that in ten minutes they must be either dead or victorious, and then charged with them against the Royalists, and drove them back in fair fight with crossed bayonets and hand-to-hand encounters. Others have been made prisoners and again released; others produce the broken stocks of rifles, which have snapped off short at the butt, the cruel cheat of some fraudulent contractor; others have suffered in the action, and have just escaped from hospital, proud of honourable wounds, and ready, though still lame or maimed, to take the field again at the earliest moment. All are full of their leader's praises, and a long succession of almost miraculous escapes naturally strengthens the superstitious reverence and affection with which he has all along been regarded by the army. Every day he seems to pass unscathed through some desperate peril; and this constant self-exposure, against which his friends in vain protest, makes him of course the darling of his troops. His person is by this time well known to the Royalists, and repeated attempts have been made upon his life. During the recent attack on his camp, he was always in the thickest of the fight; and once his carriage, while on the road from St. Angelo to Santa Maria, was fired upon, his coachman and horses killed, and the carriage itself pierced with bullets. The one object of the attack, however, passed away unhurt; and it seems surely no irrational piety which attributes such a deliverance to the angelic guardianship which will preserve a country's saviour for the final accomplishment of his glorious task.

As the sun sets, and the short twilight dies rapidly away, the Great Square at Caserta begins to glitter with a hundred lights, and puts on a wilder and more picturesque look than ever. In one corner are established the Piedmontese Bersaglieri, and their camp-fires shine out fitfully in the dark, gusty night. A furious wind fills the square with clouds of dust, and rattles the leaves down from the lime avenues beyond. On the silent Naples road, there is no sign of life but the tapers which glimmer here or there before a shrine, or some belated peasant urging his weary oxen homeward. Far away in the horizon, Vesuvius burns red against the murky sky. In the centre of the place, several pieces of ordnance stand drawn out in imposing array. Here and there sentinels challenge the passer-by, and in a moment are lost again in the gloom. At the Palace a great crowd of soldiers throng round the porticoes, pace to and fro on their night watch, or sleep about the pavement close to their guns. Rows of piled rifles glitter in the faint light of the lanterns, which every few yards show that all is in readiness for immediate action.

Every now and then the buzz of conversation is broken by the clank of the sword of some red-shirted staff-officer as he descends to give some new order, or the hurried gallop of a messenger from the camp as he suddenly dashes out of the gloom and pulls up his panting horse in the Palace court. Upstairs the Dictator and his staff are at dinner. A few sentinels at the various corridors, and a crowd of clients round the mess-room door, make up the simple splendour of the little Court. Round the table are thirty or forty officers of all ages and every variety of manner and physiognomy, but almost all attired in the red shirt which is their leader's invariable costume. Amongst the rest, and in no conspicuous place, sits the man whose genius and daring have infused the breath of life and the energy of organization into all the discordant elements of distrust, suffering, and suspicion, which have so often defied the spell of a less powerful enchanter. Gentleness, simplicity, and refinement are probably the qualities which most observers would believe that they read in the features of the greatest warrior of the day. It is no fancied resemblance which has been often pointed out between the great guerilla chief and many of those portraits in which the painters have endeavoured to realize their conception of the Divine Founder of Christianity. Such qualities, in the case of a man whose personal hardihood makes the blood of his boldest followers run cold, certainly present a combination which may well command the idolizing devotion of all whom he attracts to his banner. There is something very affecting in the idea of a man at one moment forming the most desperate enterprises of conquest, or looking every form of death in the face with absolute unconcern, and at another feeling nervous about addressing a Neapolitan mob, or surrendering himself to some romantic sentiment of gratitude for old obligations, or relying with ill-merited confidence upon the suggestions of the first adviser who has the heart to make such noble simplicity subserve a selfish end.

At Santa Maria and St. Angelo the crowd is greater, the watchfulness more intense, and the scene still more interesting, than at Caserta. Fresh earthworks are being thrown up across the most easy lines of attack; palisades and batteries guard the road to Capua; groups of men are cooking food, or mending clothes, or lounging in every attitude of repose about the little reed huts which afford ample shelter from the gentle rigours of an Italian night; and through the thick foliage may be seen the grey coats and flashing bayonets of the most advanced outposts. The Royalists are probably but a few hundred yards off, and, indeed the domes and towers of Capua look scarcely three miles from the besiegers' works. An exquisite summer sky gives the whole scene a tinge of luxury which clashes strangely enough with the ideas which bayonet, and breastwork, the shallow graves of recently buried men, the shattered boughs of trees, and the carcasses of horses, are apt to prompt. To be able to lie on one's back in the shade and eat as many grapes as one likes for twopence, is a feature of campaigning which the Garibaldians seem quite able to appreciate, and the profuse abundance of figs, peaches, melons, together with a climate of which the best English July is but a paltry imitation, tend of course to save the camp from many of those miseries which in less favoured climates are almost inseparable from the out-of-door life of the soldier. All around, however, the tokens of the sterner side of the picture are lying thick. A fierce fight had raged over all the ground between Capua and the Garibaldian lines, and the Royalists had forced their way right up to the olive wood which skirts the houses of St. Angelo. Bullets and bits of shells, broken hilts and bloody knapsacks lie here and there, and many a goodly tree has been laid low by the fierce cannonade which played across the plain. Here lies a poor fellow with a few spadefuls of earth thrown hastily over him, and his Royalist uniform still discernible through the soil. Away to the right stretches a wide valley, on one side of which lies the tiny village of St. Angelo, and on the other, the Garibaldian batteries have been thrown hastily up to command the valley beyond, where the Volturno flows languidly along through a wide, rich plain, and wild spurs of the Apennines run down almost to Capua, and in the far horizon melt away in the soft, indistinct haze of the bright summer day. As one mounts to the batteries, a panorama of the most perfect loveliness gradually opens upon the sight—woods of olive, mulberry, and chestnut, vineyards that stretch away mile upon mile, white villages glittering here and there in the sunshine, the Volturno creeping around the walls of Capua, and rolling gently seawards; while far to the west are the heights of St. Elmo, and the islands of the Mediterranean rising from the tiny margin of silver which marks the sea-line. Each gun from the batteries rings out in the clear air, and is echoed and re-echoed time after time by the opposite heights. The Dictator himself is just above the batteries, and is sweeping the plain with his telescope. Far below may be descried the tiny figures of Neapolitans, as they hurriedly make their way from point to point; and close at the mountain's foot a little troop of Garibaldians is stealing out under shelter of their batteries, to establish a new earthwork near the river's banks. Presently a grenade is fired, and bursts over one of the enemy's batteries, and a soft wreath of silvery smoke floats slowly away in the slumbering atmosphere. Next there is a little roar from the opposite hills, and a whirr far over head, and a shell falls beyond the Garibaldian battery, and explodes harmlessly in the valley. Next follows the gentle whistle of a round shot, soon another shell or two rattles over the mountain ridge, and are lost beyond a neighbouring height. By this time the Dictator has finished his survey, and he and a handful of

followers wind down the mountain path, and ride away for Caserta; the lengthening shadows that begin to creep far up the valley side tell the weary combatants that another day's fighting and watching is over, and clear the camp of all but those to whose lot it falls to guard it through the night against the foe, so near, so vigilant, and so resolved.

ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

THE services at St. George's-in-the-East, the theological convictions of the great unwashed of Whitechapel, even the views of the parochial divines of St. George's Vestry on ecclesiastical matters in general, have had their fair share of public attention. It is high time that the local apostles of the "Anti-Puseyite League," whatever be their desire for notoriety, should retire into private life. The riots have ceased to be a matter of controversial interest, and henceforward are purely a question for the magistrates. We have had enough of Mr. Rosier, and Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Neale, and Mr. Harper, whoever they are, and never wish to see their names again, except under the head of Police Intelligence. That a set of silly boys and girls, urged on by half-a-dozen noisy and uncombed parish stump-orators, should be permitted, Sunday after Sunday, to set discipline and decorum at defiance, to interrupt Divine service, and hiss, hoot, and brawl as they please during the lessons, prayers, and sermon, is an absurdity. The unwise proceedings of Mr. Bryan King, and the unpopular ceremonial with which he overlaid the simple services of our Church, have never had our approval, though, like all sensible people, we regarded the infamous doings of the St. George's mob with dislike and disgust. But since Mr. Bryan King's departure, the mob have not had a shadow of an excuse for being disorderly. Mr. Hansard, the fresh clergyman, who receives no stipend at his new post, is a man of very moderate views, and has hitherto been chiefly conspicuous for his hardworking efforts among the London poor. He was appointed to his difficult office by the Bishop of London, who seems to have thought him a person likely to set both parties an example of a little common sense. Accordingly, the really objectionable part of the ceremonial at St. George's, under his supervision, has been done away with. The St. George's Defence Association, like the sailors of the Naples navy, have been permitted to retire to their homes. Indeed, the only demands of the rioters that have not been conceded are those that relate to matters of no principle and no moment. The services of the choir have been retained, the Psalms are chanted, and the great and all-agitating surplice question is very properly compromised by the officiating minister preaching in a white surplice on Sunday mornings, and in a black gown on Sunday evenings.

The concessions were so great that for a few weeks the great unwashed of Whitechapel felt their Sunday occupation was well nigh gone for ever, and lapsed, unwillingly enough, into temporary decorum. But their taste for parson-baiting had taken such hold upon them that they could not bring themselves to give it up. They enjoyed it just as much as the most respectable of them perhaps enjoyed their Sunday slave, and it was something to look forward to. So after a brief interval of order they returned to the charge, and from that time to this the old scenes of brutality and lawlessness have been witnessed week after week, during service at St. George's. The mob, it seems, object to everything in a sweeping way, and more particularly to the chanting of the Psalms and the white surplice; not, probably, from any distinct notions as to the impropriety of the thing, so much as from a natural and enlightened dislike to music and to clean linen. The honest and independent vestrymen are indignant that the retreat of their enemy, Mr. Bryan King, should have been partially covered, and are anxious besides not to be deprived of the excitement and the credit of having the name of their parish in the London papers. As for the young gentlemen whose cleanly habits and religious convictions place them at the head of the movement in St. George's-in-the-East, we may be sure that their motives are as high and their determination as unalterable as is the case generally with young gentlemen of the kind. The real character of the agitation has been established beyond a doubt by recent occurrences. The interruptions lately have not by any means been confined to those parts of the service which might be supposed to be tainted with ritualism. A couple of Sundays ago the second lesson (1 Cor. xv.) was received with strong marks of disapprobation. The Old Hundredth Psalm, and the hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul," were greeted with mingled coughs and hisses. And the following passages from the preacher's sermon, which was a plain and practical one, were regularly coughed down:—"There are arguments which, to any candid mind, will prove that there is no fact more certain than the resurrection of Jesus Christ"—"Some there are around me who, I would fain hope, are living the life of faith which worketh by love"—"Pray, pray earnestly for the presence, the aid, the constant strengthening aid of the Holy Spirit."

The uselessness of concessions, in the case of a mob which refuses to hear any allusion from the pulpit to the necessity of prayer, or the truth of our Lord's resurrection, is self-evident. The reformers of the Anti-Puseyite League appear to object equally to white surplices and to the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. They object to singing and to choristers. But they

object also, it seems, to faith, prayer, and charity. Nothing will apparently satisfy them except removing the "not" from the Ten Commandments, and inserting it in the Three Creeds. We should be sorry to say that the above facts prove the confusion and uproar in the parish to be the work of men who are Atheists on principle. But what can be clearer than the inference that the chief brawlers are men so ignorant and wicked as not even to understand what they are brawling at? How can the opinion of a religiously-minded tinker be worth having upon the controverted point of surplices *versus* gowns, who is not apparently aware what are the points of belief common to all Christians? The people who, for the space of two hours, cried "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," at least knew what religion they belonged to. The young gentlemen who, by the kindness and consideration of the home authorities, are allowed the opportunity of making their confessions of faith promiscuously during the hymns and the sermons at St. George's-in-the-East, do not appear to be settled in their own minds as to their exact persuasion. They are a kind of roving body of unattached philosophers, whose creed is purely negative, and whose religious ceremonial consists in scrupulously preventing any one else from praying on the Sunday. All that they are certain of is that they want no hymns, no prayers, no sermon—to use the comprehensive expression of the Chartist orator—no nothing.

It may be taken for granted that these outrages find no favour in the eyes of any of the respectable parishioners. After the recent letter of the Bishop of London, every decent person in St. George's will doubtless hasten, if he has not hastened before, to give Mr. Hansard his support. But the suppression of the disturbances is a matter for the police. In what—now that Mr. Bryan King has taken his departure, and that his curates have ceased to attitudinize—does a row at St. George's differ from a row in any other London church? What constitutes a riot there an exceptional case? Supposing that a crowd of screaming boys and girls week after week were to enter a church in the West-end, and interrupt the services, and groan at the creed, and hiss the sermons, what would be the remedy, for we presume remedy there would be? If no notice is to be taken of hooting at St. George's, why should not hooting be introduced in Paddington and Mayfair? If Faith and Charity are coughed down in one part of the metropolis, why should they escape in another? Why should not everybody everywhere be allowed, as the service progresses, to give his opinion freely and candidly about the Christian Graces, and the Liturgy, and the Lessons, and things in general? Every congregation would become a little deliberative assembly, and the statements in the sermon, and in the Epistles and Gospels, might be put to the vote. The truth is, that somebody somewhere must be neglecting his duty if these disturbances continue. So long as the mob were imagined to have cause for dissatisfaction, and the extreme views of the Rector went against general public opinion, there might be some unwillingness and hesitation (however misplaced) on the part of the authorities, about interfering in the business. But for the last two months there has been nothing to shock the most zealous Protestant, unless he were an ignorant and bigoted man. With whom, then, does the fault lie? Not with the local magistrate, for one offender has been arrested and sentenced to imprisonment. The responsibility rests entirely with the police authorities. It is ridiculous to say there can be any real difficulty in seizing on the true culprits. What are policemen in plain clothes made for, if not for cases like the present? Some score of them, stationed, for a month or so, at different parts of the church, with strict orders to arrest every single disturber of the peace, would soon settle the whole matter, if the magistrates were firm and energetic. Public opinion is with the Rev. Mr. Hansard and the letter of the law—all Churchmen and respectable Dissenters are with him—the Bishop of the diocese is with him—the only people who appear not to be with him are the police. We trust that necessary measures will be taken to put down, once for all, these silly and offensive scenes. They bring disgrace and discredit on the authorities, whoever they may be, whose duty it is to interfere, and who apparently discharge their duty very badly.

THE POPE AT JERUSALEM.

SPECIAL correspondents, and smart writers in general, often grapple with an embarrassing crisis in a free and easy way. An instance of the oneness with which difficulties are dealt with in such quarters occurs in their treatment of the question first ventilated by that wild writer—the Abbé Michon—that the Papacy should be transferred to Jerusalem. No doubt the solution is theoretically convenient, and, as far as the abstract Papal pretensions go, there would be something approaching to the sublime in enthroning him who claims to be the autocratic Vicar of Christ on that sacred site which has the most venerable claim to the dignity of the metropolis of Christendom. No doubt the picture of the common Father of the Faithful, freed from the entanglements of petty Italian sovereignty, and relieved from the inconvenient rivalry of that obsequious but insulting protection which the great Catholic Powers of Europe have for so many ages lavished on the Pope, is very engaging. In these days of sudden change and rapid instalment of new principles, there is no saying that the scheme is impossible, for political impossibilities are every-day facts. But it is worth while to see what

may be reasonably urged against the practicability of the suggestion.

Jerusalem is neither a pagan city nor yet a howling wilderness, nor a country town administered by an obscure suffragan of the Vatican. If it were any of these things, of course the Pope might find in it a fair field for a fresh start, unhampered by the cumbersome traditions of many centuries of Italian intrigue. But Jerusalem happens to have been the most bitterly and the most pertinaciously contested outpost of the Oriental Church since the first days of the great schism which cut asunder East and West. Its occupation by the Latin Church was the hell and end-all of the Crusades; while a squabble, arising out of a detail bearing upon the question of its ecclesiastical regulation, was made the pretext for blowing up the flame of the late Crimean war. With the Pope at Rome, or anywhere in Western Europe, in Africa, or America, the relations between the Papacy and the Greek Church might, if they were not those of a truce, at all events imitate the decent courtesies of civilized warfare. But once let the Pope plant himself at Jerusalem, and we might expect to see the ministers of the Gospel of Peace engaged in the most savage vendetta on the most appalling scale which the world has ever beheld. Our reasons for making this statement lie on the very face of ecclesiastical history. Wholly apart from the accidents of his temporal dominion, the Pope, as a spiritual personage, occupies two perfectly distinct positions. He is "Bishop of Rome"—i. e., diocesan of the city which, at the time when Christianity became one of the settled institutions of the world, was the cosmopolitan metropolis. Accordingly, the Bishop of Rome, from very early times, found himself complimented by the concession of precedence over his brother prelates of less important cities. In this same character he enjoyed an amount of ecclesiastical power which might be reduced to the superintendence of the Christian congregation of that one city, or enlarged so as to embrace the primal superintendence of kingdoms. This Bishop of Rome, Patriarch of the West, is an element, though one at present out of keeping, in the Eastern theory of the Christian Church. It is true that the Orientals claim from him concessions in return which no Pope for more than a thousand years would have condescended to yield. Recognising as they do the Patriarch of Rome, they expect the Patriarch of Rome to reciprocate the recognition of spiritual dignitaries in the East as equal in power and in station with himself, of whom the Patriarch of Jerusalem is one of the most distinguished. Still, the Greek ecclesiastics are non-interventionists, and as long as the "Western Patriarch" stops at Rome, or anywhere that is not within the limits of the Eastern communion, and busies himself with his own portion of Christendom, they leave him to settle his own affairs with his own belongings. But the Pope himself, and that Ultramontane school which has so long led captive Roman Catholic Christendom, is far from taking this view of the Papal prerogatives. While continuing to be Bishop of Rome, whatever that dignity may imply, the Pontiff likewise claims to sit in the Cathedra Petri—i. e., not to preside over the Christian Church, in the character of Bishop of its quondam metropolis, but to rule it as the heir of certain special privileges (including a spiritual *jus hereditatis*) given by Our Saviour to St. Peter, irrespective of the place of St. Peter's future habitation, and transmitted by St. Peter, equally irrespective of their habitation, to his successors, who happened likewise to be Bishops of Rome.

To be sure, the Pope has never fairly emancipated himself from his local character. He has always been "Pope of Rome"—not "Pope" *simpliciter*. Even during the days when the Papacy was seated at Avignon, it was in theory only enjoying a *villeggiatura*, and the Pontiff professed to govern Rome by his vicars. But the Ultramontane theory carries with it the seeds of this divorce; and although Pio Nono's constitutional cowardice may incapacitate him from facing so bold a policy, it is by no means certain that a more vigorous successor may not make a virtue of necessity, and sanctify an inevitable loss of Italian sovereignty by a fresh "development of Christian doctrine." A "Pope of Rome" without Rome would at best be merely Pope Lackland; but "the Pope" claiming to rule over all the faithful, and yet belonging to no place in particular, would, if he could make good his claims, be a very august personage. If the Pope adopted this or any other line of proceeding, upon terms which would only involve him with his own spiritual subjects, or if he took up his abode where no other spiritual organization would be able and willing to fight him inch by inch, his conduct might reasonably engage the attention of our theological schools, but it would be a matter of entire indifference to the secular public. If, however, the project comes before us in a shape which, to all reasonable men of every opinion, must inevitably produce general confusion, it is no longer a question of the spiritual world, but one of the gravest political importance to the wellbeing of society. The Pope, taking his seat at the Holy Sepulchre—not as a visitor, for he claims to hold the world as his domain—not as one bishop out of many, for he is the fountain of Episcopacy—but as the Pontifex Maximus, sole and unapproachable—would be the most offensive and most direct provocation to that Eastern Church which can with difficulty be restrained from open violence at the introduction of Papal subordinates into Jerusalem, and which gladly welcomed the war the pretext of which was the custody of the key of the Holy Places.

Accordingly, the man who should flatter himself that the effervescence which this step would create would simply end in

a paper war would, we fear, find himself very rudely undeceived. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to underrate the power, within its own limits, of the Eastern form of Christianity, and to treat it as an old-fashioned obstacle which would move on at the first sound of Pio Nono's enlightened invitation to "Come, and look alive." Beset, no doubt, it is with superstition and formalism, just as the Church of Rome is; but nobody out of Exeter Hall refuses to give a candid consideration to the power of the Papal Church for good as well as for evil, according as that power is wielded. The Greek Church numbers somewhere between one and two hundred million adherents, while its geographic frontier is drawn at Lapland to the north, and ends to the south at the outlets of the Nile. It counts Austrian subjects by the million, while, proceeding without break from east to west, it touches the British possessions deep in the continent of North America. In the largest portion of its possessions—the Russian Church—it exhibits unmistakable marks of educational improvement, and at the worst, in its repudiation of Ultramontane arrogance and its tolerance of sacerdotal marriage, it presents points of affinity to Protestant Europe. In short, it is a thing which exists without our being responsible for its existence, and which, as it exists, had better be made the best, and not the worst of. It would be making the worst of it if we were to sit by and allow the notion of the Papacy invading Jerusalem to pass without a protest. The usual Russian, whatever else he may be, is, unlike the Frenchman or the Italian, a man profoundly in earnest about the honour of his religion, and of "Holy Russia" as its natural protector. At the first whisper of any idea of planting the Pope at Jerusalem, there would be no nice question of policy to embarrass the government whose constitution is "despotism tempered by assassination" as to what course it would have to take; for the constitutional remedy would not improbably be applied to the Czar who faltered or paltered about proclaiming the new crusade. We need not insist on the political reasons which would make the proceeding intolerable to the Russian Government itself, independently of the fierce impulse from below. France, which had sent the Pope to Jerusalem, would fight to keep him there; and we should see the long-desired renewal of the Eastern war brought about under circumstances very favourable to that crafty Power, and for a stake which would make the conflict intereueine.

Under ordinary circumstances, the suggestion would not be worth combating. But Europe is beginning to learn that the most extravagant ideas, especially when they have currency given to them from the most contemptible quarters, may very reasonably awaken the fears of honest men, inasmuch as it is a distinguishing feature of the patent despotism with the newest improvements, to avail itself of the dirtiest agencies as pilot-balloons when it desires to unsettle the public mind. The moderation lately shown in managing the Syrian expedition is in itself ominous. If it is one of the most cherished of the hereditary Napoleonic ideas to obtain possession of Syria, it is clearly Louis Napoleon's game, when playing for such a stake, to lead his ace of trumps. The most brilliant stroke he could devise for winning the much coveted possession would be to establish at the Syrian cradle of our faith, in the holiest spot of Christendom in general, and of the Eastern Church in particular, the Western Supreme Pontiff, as the stipendiary and the bondsman of France. By so doing he would at once hold Europe in pawn and humiliate Asia. He would be as much greater than Charlemagne as Europe and Asia together are greater than Europe alone. We do not say that he would win in the game—probably he would not—but, win or lose, the attempt, if ever seriously made, would cause infinite misery and confusion throughout the world. Those writers, accordingly, who trifle with the subject as if it were a matter of slight importance—a good joke, in short—and a clever way of shelving the Pope, are gravely responsible for the levity with which they handle so dangerous a topic. It is undoubtedly certain that to plant the Pope at Jerusalem would not be to divorce religion from politics. The complications to which this step would give rise might not be exactly the same as those which have so long afflicted Italy, but they would be full as dangerous, full as scandalous, full as menacing to the peace of the world and the cause of true religion; and they would probably be the occasion of bloodshed on a scale far larger than could be occasioned by the Pope's continued occupation of Rome itself under the protection of a wilderness of Goyons and Lamoricières.

DR. CULLEN'S REQUIEM SERMON.

THE art of improving the occasion has unquestionably been pushed to its furthest limits by the versatility of Irish genius. The Pope's adherents now not only invent the moral they wish to inculcate, but invent also the opportunity for applying it. The possibility of some losses in the Irish Contingent during the late battles in Italy could not be allowed to pass over without some ecclesiastical upholstery; and on the impulsive Celtic soul what is a ceremony without a speech? It does not for a moment detract from the dignity of the occasion that the deceased of the mourned ones must be taken almost entirely upon trust; on the contrary, it perhaps adds to the mysterious vagueness which is indispensable to such a scene. But even supposing them alive and well, the most dastardly Protestant scribbler will nevertheless allow that, if they did not fight to the last for the

great cause, they gave it the deep wishes of a pure Hibernian breast; and it is notorious that if they did not surrender their lives in the cause of religion and the Pope, yet in that cause they were eager at all events to surrender their muskets. History will tell how they never flinched from their post of calm defiance until the Piedmontese marched them off *en masse*; and how, when they were surrounded on all sides by the enemy, they scorned to run away. It may perhaps be going too far to declare that, as Dr. Cullen's vivid rhetoric pictures the catastrophe, they purpled the fields of Italy with their blood; but it is not too much to affirm that they formed a portion of his Holiness's army, and that armies generally fight. Machiavelli declared that Christianity had subdued the spirit of mankind and fitted them for slavery and subjection. Undaunted in the cause of submission, fierce for the protection of the Church that teaches patience, impetuous for the sake of all that is meek-spirited, these soldiers of the Pope, if their orator is to be believed, have afforded, by their conduct, a proof that the spirit of Catholic zeal is not to be confined by logic. But more sober inquirers will, it is to be feared, come to the conclusion that the preacher is evoking martyrs solely from the depths of his own consciousness, and that while his speech equals that of Antony over Cæsar's body in sorrow, and exceeds it in strength of language, the latter has the important advantage of an unmistakeable dead body to point to and undoubted wounds to exhibit.

However, a week ago there was celebrated in the Metropolitan Church at Dublin a "Requiem Ceremonial" for the benefit, or honour, of those Irishmen who are declared neither to have surrendered on nor run away from the field of Spoleto. It might, perhaps, have been wished that the names of the heroes had been supplied to the faithful audience; for it is not so easy a matter to set all one's energies at work to desire heartily the beatitude of *x, y, and z*. Dr. Cullen was clearly bound, if there was a difficulty in providing the right names, to supply some imaginary ones in their place. Those astronomers who are the first to light upon fresh planets are always entitled to the privilege of christening their discoveries, and there is nothing new in the canonization of martyrs under different appellations from those they bore on earth. Or, if the labour of creating the facts of the deadly struggle was sufficient for the reverend orator, the task of naming the subjects of his discourse might serve as an excellent occupation for the young gentlemen from the Colleges of All Hallows and Castleknock, who occupied, we are told, the back seats at the ceremony. That Mass, however, should be said for any persons, even if they are but creatures of the imagination, is a thing at which Protestants have no right to be offended; and if the congregations in Dublin wish to pray for the soul of the King of Naples or of Lemuel Gulliver, they have a perfect right to do so. The worst of it is that, as there is no abuse so bitter as a good hearty prayer, so few methods of party warfare are as telling as an effective religious celebration. There is no replying to it. It is impossible to get up in Church and insist, either that the souls of other men die every day in better causes, or—as heretics on this side of the water are more inclined to affirm—that the souls of the Irish Papal Brigade are safely attached to their bodies, and consequently, as the system of *masses* seems to imply, not worth praying for at present. All that we can do is to add a pious amen to the wish which the prayers express. The large theological insinuation and the rancorous party demonstration screen themselves effectively from attack, without wishing to screen themselves from notice. So, when the Orangemen of Ballywhack wish to exhibit how they hate their enemies, they go in large numbers to church; and when University authorities desire to crush an opponent, they hint gently from St. Mary's pulpit at misguided intellect. Praying for the mercenaries of Antonelli is simply another form of praying at Victor Emmanuel and the Dictator. The "sarcophagus, classically shaped," was a machine of pure invective; and the "emblematic lachrymatories" were supposed to hold tears, but practically were receptacles of curses. The "mediate portion of the catafalque," we are told, contained inscriptions, which are transcribed in the report before us. They are happily not of a poetical character. In the state of mind in which the party of the Pope at present are, it is satisfactory to think that they keep clear of metrical composition. Words which are horribly ill-natured for the most part do not scan; and, as it is, the verses in which Celtic indignation denounces Saxon tyranny may be beautiful in point of sentiment, but are generally unequal in the number of feet. The inscriptions in question are in Latin—verses, namely, from the Old Testament, in which the supposed heroes are compared in succession to Saul, David, and the Apostle Paul. It is hard to read with perfect equanimity the grand lamentation over the royal corpses on Gilboa transferred to these hireling, and possibly apocryphal, martyrs of the Pope. "*Decori in vitâ sudâ*," says the imaginative record; "*in morte quoque non erant divisi*." With regard to the personal beauty of the heroes spoken of we have no means of expressing our opinion; though, from the experience which we have had of the taste of the sister isle in regard to the great portrait of the descendant of her ancient king, we are inclined a little to distrust her judgment. But if we are told of the members of the Pope's Brigade, that "in death they were not divided," all we have to remark is, that it is a great deal more than the Pope himself could ever have said of them during their honourable but decidedly inharmonious life.

It was not, however, to be supposed that the excitement of the day was over when the censers had ceased to swing. When high mass had been duly performed for the repose of the souls who may possibly have perished in the fight, Dr. Cullen wisely resolved that the hypothetical victims should not have all the day to themselves. Religious rites may or may not avail those who for argument's sake may be considered dead; but there is no doubt that a discourse by a very angry dignitary of the church will be listened to with interest by the living. Dr. Cullen's address was well suited to the occasion. A lively fancy played, so to speak, with its rich hues over the whole. An epic poem might almost be constructed out of the materials furnished about the heroes of whom popular incredulity denies the existence, while Catholic assertion limits the number to three. "Their career was short," says the eloquent address, "but it was glorious. They were not adventurers or mercenaries, as the tongue of calumny proclaims." Dr. Cullen wished, perhaps, to hint delicately to the Vatican that, though they fought for pay, they do not seem, by all accounts, to have received very regularly the pay they fought for. "They were not," it is added, "the apostles of Socialism and Communism; had they embarked in such wicked schemes, they would have been extolled as heroes by a licentious press." They rushed forward simply to defend their own and the common home of all Catholics. "Wealth, honour, worldly distinctions were forgotten." Considerations of wealth, as we remarked, were forgotten rather by the paymasters than the troops; but it was something rather remote, if we remember right, from oblivion of worldly distinctions, that caused the broken heads among the rival Belgian corps. No disadvantage, the story proceeds, could shake the courage of the Soldiers of the Cross. "Having prepared themselves for the day of danger by prayer, and washed away every stain of sin by the sacrament of penance, they accepted the unequal contest without hesitation or dismay. The struggle, though short, was dreadful. Who can describe the valorous exploits that were performed on the side of justice and truth?" No one could possibly do so, we may safely reply, unless he had the fancy of a Munchausen and the impudence of an Irish prelate. In spite, however, of the dreadful struggle, "they seem to have been miraculously defended by the arm of God." The allusion to the survivors which follows has almost a naïve character. "As for those, and they are many, who passed unscathed through the bloody ordeal of Spoleto," &c. "the consciousness of the sacrifices made for religion will console them in their after life, and generations yet unborn will pronounce their names with veneration." Conceive Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego agreeing on an amicable compromise, or a Maccabæus delivering his sword and going free on parole of future quietness! We shall have no difficulty in agreeing with Dr. Cullen, that the course which the Irish Brigade adopted is one which will give them unqualified satisfaction in after years; but it is a new thing in funeral orations for men who calmly surrender to obtain the glory of passing unscathed through bloody ordeals.

The idea with which Dr. Cullen supplies his hearers of the attitude of the Roman Pontiff is a mixture of Jupiter and Cinderella. "Without power, without wealth, abandoned or betrayed by the great ones of the earth, our Holy Father, calm, patient, resigned, full of charity and meekness, but firm as a rock, presents to his children a spectacle the most sublime of majesty and dignity." As the speaker pronounced the words, a grand picture must have shaped itself before the audience. A venerable old man sits among his cardinals, supported by faithful ministers, and commanding the united support of an affectionate and trustful people. He rules them with love, and is obeyed with respect. Mercy and truth have long ago met together, in spite of some little sternness in Perugia, and one trifling deception in 1849. Suddenly, by rude hands he is attacked, despoiled, and overthrown. Without a word of anger, or a look other than of pity, he extends his pastoral arm over the apostate rebels, and softly breathes a father's rebuke, tempered with a father's blessing. To the true son of Erin and the Church no suspicion ever comes of that other picture—the weak, trembling, petulant old priest, raving of sacrilege, and bristling with impotent curses. Let us recommend to the notice of Dr. Cullen, when next he describes Pius IX., two examples, of which, if that Pontiff had followed either, he might have rendered it unnecessary for his advocate to attract fictitious respect by the labour of an imaginary portrait. The first is no new resource. When strife grew hot in St. George's, the Rev. Bryan King departed, and with him went the policemen; and it is hardly necessary to remark that in the present case the policemen give far more trouble than the priest. The other example is that of calm endurance, and drawn from a great luminary of Catholicism, whom even a Pope might stoop to imitate. Mark how the great Bellarmine was serene and happy under trial. That eminent cardinal, Bayle records, patiently endured the attacks of the minor enemies of man, and gave himself for a prey to relentless, though not human, persecutors. "We shall have heaven," he mildly said, "to reward us for our sufferings; but these poor creatures have but the enjoyment of the present life." If Victor Emmanuel, who cannot send to Dublin and order masses for three, has so terrible a fate in store for him, it is rather hard to add to his misery by cursing him so shockingly in this life.

There is but one other remark we have to make upon this precious funeral speech. Dr. Cullen, not content with promising

glory to men who in the cause of tyranny drilled, marched out, and surrendered, and describing the patient attitude of a Pope who massacres and excommunicates, advances from imagination to invective, and indulges in very vulgar abuse in answer to the writers who, even in Popes, condemn oppression and despise deceit. The Ultramontane party in Ireland, if they have not the "delight of happy laughter," supply the deficiency, one is almost tempted to remark, by increased zest in the "delight of low replies." Who is Dr. Cullen? and what authority has he among civilized men, that he should talk of vile scribes and a brutalized press? A priest who uses an office which confers some petty power, neither implying refinement nor ensuring intellect, to trade upon fictitious details for the support of a monstrous and antiquated cause, is entitled to but little respect for the views he advocates, or the sentiments he upholds. But when he coarsely assails others for joining the cause of secular freedom against secular oppression, and urging principles as old and as wide as any ecclesiastical system under heaven, he must simply be told that he is no more likely to preach down liberty than his master is to trample it down by force. As Englishmen, we care not a jot for all the Catholic potentates on earth, compared with one particle of national justice and right; and Dr. Cullen may be sure that men will advocate good government and denounce arbitrary misrule long after he and all his faction are forgotten.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THE production of Mr. Macfarren's opera, *Robin Hood*, at Her Majesty's Theatre has achieved a success deserved alike by the composer and the indefatigable manager. It is, indeed, seldom that we have to notice a work containing so much of genuine musical excellence and interest as Mr. Macfarren's last production; nor is it by any means an insignificant index of the improved power of appreciation of our music-loving public that each representation of an opera throughout so earnestly and honestly written, and containing so little of the mere ear-tickling element, should have been attended by an audience crowded almost beyond the capacity of the theatre. It is unmistakably the production of a thorough musician, not only perfectly versed in all the technical requirements for such a work, but also possessing a fund of originality and ingenious fancy which is unfortunately only too rarely met with on this side of the Channel. So far, indeed, are the claims of *Robin Hood* to success from depending upon the ordinary sources of attraction of English operas—which are too frequently but a string of disconnected ballads, perhaps written for, and made temporarily popular by, some favourite singer—that it is precisely in those few portions of the opera in which Mr. Macfarren has essayed this style of composition that he has produced the least creditable results. The four or five ballads which are scattered throughout the opera are the weakest and least interesting part of the music; and but for the admirable manner in which they are respectively delivered by the three principal singers, they would, we should imagine, quite fail to excite the enthusiasm which has hitherto always accompanied their performance. Mr. Macfarren's strength seems to us to lie in concerted music, and especially in the ingenious powers of construction he displays in musically interpreting a complicated dramatic situation with clearness and spirit, while he preserves most successfully the individuality of each of the various characters. Of this peculiar excellence there are several examples in *Robin Hood* which we shall particularize in their place. The instrumentation is, moreover, throughout varied and masterly—the accompaniments of themselves being interesting to a musician from their graceful and ingenious character. We must confess, however, that the interest (musically speaking) falls off very materially in the third act, which, with the exception perhaps of a very dramatic trio, and some concerted music which precedes it, may be characterized as somewhat commonplace. Of the libretto, which has been written by Mr. Oxenford, it will not be necessary to say much, as the story is of the simplest possible character, consisting merely of a few of the best-known incidents in the career of the "bold outlaw." It is due, however, to the author to remark, that the versified portion is written with great vigour and spirit, and that in this respect, no less than in its thoroughly English tone and character, it offers a welcome contrast to most of our English opera books.

With these few general remarks as preface, we will proceed to give our readers a brief résumé of the opera, although we know how difficult, and indeed almost impossible, it is to make a description of a musical work either intelligible or interesting. After a short but brilliant overture, in which two of the principal themes which occur in the opera are gracefully introduced, the curtain rises upon a scene in the High Street of Nottingham, where a number of armours are busily at work at their anvils, while the women are occupied in spinning. This affords Mr. Macfarren an opportunity for a most effective opening chorus, in which the bold and vigorous character of the passages allotted to the men contrast excellently with the flowing strains of the women. Allan-a-Dale (Mr. Parkinson) and Alice (Madame Lemaire) are engaged during the scene in lovers' badinage, after which the latter recounts one of the last exploits of Robin Hood in a quaint and characteristic song, "The hunter wakes with the early morn," in which the chorus is introduced

with excellent effect. Locksley (Mr. Sims Reeves) and Marian (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington) hereupon make their appearance, and proceed to express their mutual affection in an exquisite duet in A flat, which, however, reminds us forcibly of more than one similar composition in Spohr's operas, although the resemblance is by no means close enough to make it probable that Mr. Macfarren himself was conscious of any desire of imitation. Marian's father, the sheriff of Nottingham (Mr. Santley), surprises the lovers at the close of the duet, but expresses his approval of his daughter's choice, although, at the same time—with an inexplicable inconsistency only to be met with when required for dramatic purposes—he declares that his daughter shall be the prize of the victor at the shooting match to be held at Nottingham on the following day. Then follows a ballad for Marian, in B flat—"True love in my heart"—which must be excepted from our general depreciatory remarks upon the examples of this species of composition which occur elsewhere in the opera, as it is extremely novel and pleasing. Snatches of it are introduced afterwards, with remarkable effect and ingenuity, in various places, the idea, we suppose, being to indicate the truth of the affection which Marian is supposed to maintain for the outlaw. We are next introduced to the Sompnour, or collector of the abbey dues (Mr. Honey), in a song remarkable for its humour, and especially for its quaint old English character, which, indeed, strikingly pervades the whole of the opera, and is not one of its least excellences. In the next scene, the music of which is thoroughly stirring and dramatic, Allan-a-Dale is imprisoned in the stocks for refusing to pay the abbey dues to the Sompnour, but is released by Locksley, who takes occasion to sing a commonplace patriotic ballad, "Englishmen by birth are free," which is only redeemed from insignificance by the immense energy and fire with which Mr. Sims Reeves delivers the spirited words. The round sung by the Sheriff, the Sompnour, Allan, and Alice—in which the taxgatherer takes his leave, with the good wishes of the Sheriff for his safe arrival at the convent, while Allan and Alice indulge in sentiments anything but favourable to his character—is one of the most delightful portions of the opera. It is charmingly melodious, and worked up capably for the four voices towards the conclusion, where the violoncellos give out the subject piano with a very striking and happy effect. A short duet for Locksley and Marian, in which they take leave of each other, and which finally merges into a repetition of the ballad "True love, true love," brings the act to a simple, but by no means ineffective, conclusion.

The second act contains by far the most intricate writing to be found in the opera, consisting as it does almost entirely of elaborate concerted music, in which Mr. Macfarren's powers are most favourably exhibited. A scene in the forest, too long to be very closely particularized, is opened by a capital four-part song for the outlaws, sadly spoiled, by-the-by, in the execution, but which, if properly given, could not fail to please. A merry, and characteristic trio, for Robin, Little John, and Much (Mr. Patey), "A good fat deer," introduces a most ingeniously written scene of great length, in which the Sompnour is waylaid by the "merry men" and made to dance for their amusement to a tune as vivacious and characteristic of the period as can be well imagined. During the whole scene, Much, an ill-conditioned, surly fellow, is continually suggesting the execution of their unwilling guest in a very original phrase, admirably in keeping with the sentiment, the recurrence of which, in various keys, with the violoncellos in unison, produces a novel and striking effect. A most elaborate scena for Marian, with a violoncello obligato, in which she speculates upon the success of her lover at the shooting match, and finally breaks out into rapturous self-assurance of his ultimate triumph, bears, in sentiment and situation, a strong resemblance to the great song in *Der Freischütz*; and although different, musically speaking, from that well-known composition, has yet, in parts, some affinity to Weber's style. We now come to the great scene of the opera—the fair at Nottingham, which may perhaps be regarded not only as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the composer, but as scarcely to be equalled by any lyric composition of an English author. It is of immense length, and embraces a vast amount of varied incident, but nevertheless keeps the ear and the attention occupied and unwearied to the very conclusion. A delightful round dance, thoroughly old English in character—the management of the choral effects during a game of "Hoodman blind"—the very ingenious manner in which the *Pax vobiscum* and mock sanctimonious expressions of the Sompnour, who, disguised as a friar, is endeavouring to recognise Robin Hood, are combined with the busy merriment of the throng of peasants—and the snatches of chorus which greet the failure or success of the various competitors in the shooting match, are each and all admirable specimens of composition, and may be cited as perhaps the most salient features in this admirably written *finale*. The curtain falls upon the discovery of Robin Hood by the Sompnour, his capture, and the disavowal of Marian, who refuses to be separated from the man she already regards as her husband. From this point the musical interest of the opera, as we have already intimated, falls off very materially, although several exceptions to this remark may doubtless be made.

The third act opens, after a graceful *entr'acte*, based upon "True love," with a duet for Alice and Allan, recalling perhaps

somewhat too forcibly Mozart's duet for Pamina and Papageno in the *Zauberflöte*. A grand scena for the Sheriff, descriptive of his grief at his daughter's flight, succeeds. This piece is very elaborate, and taxes the singer's powers in no ordinary degree. Mr. Santley is, however, more than equal to the demands made upon him (witness his high G in one of the opening phrases), and delivers the music in a style which fully confirms his claim to be considered our first English barytone. A duet, in which the Sheriff despatches the Sompnour to King Richard for Robin Hood's death-warrant, never rises above the most ordinary commonplace, and indeed, in places sinks almost to vulgarity. In the next scene, Marian, disguised as a peasant lad, urges the "merrie men" to effect Robin's deliverance in a song, "Sons of the Greenwood, come." This is pleasing, but not remarkable, except for an effective use of the chorus. We then have a long scena for Robin Hood in prison. The opening part of this is excellent, and was very finely declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves, while in the middle movement the chorus, "The gay greenwood," and "True love" (sung behind the scenes by the outlaws, and Marian), are very skilfully interwoven with the principal phrase. The last movement is, however, poor, although somewhat redeemed by the admirable manner in which Mr. Sims Reeves delivers an intricate passage in triplets. We now approach the finale. The chorus deplores Robin Hood's untimely death. He appears pinioned, and, as in the ballad, obtains permission to sound his horn, which of course brings his band to his assistance. This leads to a pleasing quartet (deliciously given by the principal singers), in which, again, the chorus is skilfully handled as a support to the leading voices. In a very dramatic trio, the Sheriff threatens to curse his child unless she abandons her lover. Of this situation Mr. Macfarren has availed himself to write decidedly the gem of the third act. It was given with great taste by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, whose appeal to her father was truly pathetic, and was sung to perfection by the three artists. This trio is the last piece of any significance. The Sompnour arrives with, as he imagines, Robin's death-warrant, but with what of course turns out to be his pardon, and after a burst of patriotism from the tenor, the soprano brings down the curtain upon some trivial divisions. Of the performance we need say but little. The principal singers—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley—are absolutely irreproachable, and it would be difficult to find three more consummate vocalists in the ranks of the strongest Italian company that was ever got together. The lady, already well known in the concert-room, has delighted and astonished every one by the ease with which she has at once adapted herself to all the traditions and requirements of the stage, and her graceful and ladylike impersonation of the heroine in *Robin Hood* only makes us augur most favourably of her success in a part requiring the display of more dramatic powers than can possibly be exhibited in the part of Maid Marian. It remains only to add that the scenery and decorations are excellent, and the band, under M. C. Halle (an invaluable acquisition), better than we have for some time heard it at Her Majesty's Theatre. Much, however, remains to be done in the improvement of the chorus, which, especially in the male department, is lamentably deficient.

REVIEWS.

A JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY.*

THIS, though published as a separate work, is really the third volume of Mr. Olmsted's treatise on the American Slave States. The first volume, as our readers may recollect, gave an account of a journey in the seaboard districts of the older Slave States, and the second described a rapid tour west of the Alleghanies, and a winter spent in Texas. This third volume records what the author saw and heard in the cotton-growing lowlands of the Mississippi, and in the hill-country of what he calls the "Northern South;" and it also gives at great length the general results of his observations, and a statement of his opinions, on American slavery. It is a most deeply interesting and important work. Of course, after all, we do but get the observations of one observer, and the opinions of one thinker. But Mr. Olmsted is so evidently a man qualified for his task, he fastens so surely on the points most worth noticing, he is so candid and unprejudiced, and he is apparently so precise and exact, that we yield him a confidence which can only be displaced by the testimony of a witness equally credible. No book could tell us more satisfactorily what we really want to know about slavery; and it is a work that we have no doubt will be eagerly studied on both sides of the Atlantic. We propose to lay before our readers the great results to which Mr. Olmsted's long journeys and various lines of investigation have brought him. It seems to us that at bottom there are three questions about slavery which include all others, and these questions are—1. Is negro slavery an indispensable condition of a supply of cotton from the United States equal to the demand? 2. What are the general effects of slavery? 3. What are the practical remedies for the evils of slavery? We will state as nearly as possible in Mr. Olmsted's language how he answers

those three questions; and we shall abstain from passing any opinion on the validity or worth of his answers, partly because they mostly involve matters of fact about which Englishmen can be no judges, and partly, also, because the great use of Mr. Olmsted's book seems to us to consist in furnishing inquirers with a basis on which they may examine and discuss the general question of southern slavery for the future. It is of the greatest advantage, in a complicated and difficult inquiry, to have clearly before us certain definite propositions as to which we can ask those who are also examining the subject whether they assent to or dissent from them. Mr. Olmsted appears to us to be an author of sufficient weight to provide us with such propositions. If any one differs from his conclusions, we can ask the ground of difference, and assume that, until a good ground is made out, Mr. Olmsted is right. By arranging apposite extracts from Mr. Olmsted's work under the heads of the three questions we have stated, we hope to provide our readers with an instrument for future examination of American slavery that cannot, we think, fail to be valuable.

First, then, is slavery an indispensable condition of the growth of large supplies of cotton in the Mississippi region? It is said to be so for two reasons—first, because the white man cannot stand the climate and fatigue, and, secondly, because cotton-growing demands accumulation of labour in considerable masses, and this cannot be obtained except by forcing bodies of labourers to cultivate one large plantation. As to the first of these reasons, Mr. Olmsted denies its existence. He says that the climate of the Mississippi region is not more favourable to blacks than to whites, and that whites can stand the fatigue perfectly well:—

There are strong grounds for doubting the common opinion that the negroes at the South suffer less from local causes of disease than whites. They may be less subject to epidemic and infectious diseases, and yet be more liable to other fatal disorders than whites. The worst climate for unacclimated whites of any town in the United States is that of Charleston. It happens fortunately that the most trustworthy and complete vital statistics of the South are those of Charleston. Dr. Nott, commenting upon these, says that the average mortality, during six years, has been, of blacks alone, one in forty-four; of whites, alone, one in fifty-eight. "This mortality," he adds, "is perhaps not an unfair test, as the population during the last six years has been undisturbed by emigration, and acclimated in greater proportion than at any previous period." If the comparison had been made between native negroes and native or acclimated whites alone, it would doubtless show the climate to be still more unfavourable to negroes. Dr. Nott also says, "Heat, moisture, animal and vegetable matter, are said to be the elements which produce the diseases of the South, and yet the testimony in proof of the health of the banks of the lower portion of the Mississippi river is too strong to be doubted. Here is a perfectly flat alluvial country, covering several hundred miles, interspersed with interminable lakes, lagoons, and jungles, and still we are informed by Dr. Cartwright, one of the most acute observers of the day, that this country is exempt from miasmatic disorders, and is extremely healthy. His assertion has been confirmed to me by hundreds of witnesses, and we know, from our own observation, that the population presents a robust and healthy appearance."

With regard to the alleged inability of whites to stand the fatigue, we read:—

The more common and popular opinion is, that the necessary labour of cotton tillage is too severe for white men in the cotton-growing climate. As I have said before, I do not find the slightest weight of fact to sustain this opinion. The necessary labour and causes of fatigue and vital exhaustion attending any part or all of the process of cotton culture does not compare with that of our July harvesting; it is not greater than attends the cultivation of Indian corn in the usual New England method. I have seen a weakly white woman the worse for her labour in the cotton field, but never a white man, and I have seen hundreds of them at work in cotton fields under the most unfavourable circumstances, miserable, dispirited wretches, and of weak muscle, subsisting mainly, as they do, on corn bread. Mr. De Bow estimates one hundred thousand white men now engaged in the cultivation of cotton, being one-ninth of the whole cotton force (numerically) of the country. I have just seen a commercial letter from San Antonio, which estimates that the handful of Germans in Western Texas will send ten thousand bales of cotton, the production of their own labour, to market this season.

Mr. Olmsted admits that the small cultivator of cotton is under very great disadvantages as compared with the large cultivator. He has much more to pay for hedging; he cannot keep the same number of instruments and animals ready for use; he has no gin and press of his own; he carries his produce to market at a greater proportionate cost, and a small quantity never sells so well as a large one. That, however, cotton can be cultivated to a profit by even small cultivators who have no slaves, is abundantly shown by the example of the Germans in Texas. Still, Mr. Olmsted admits that the true way for whites to get the greatest profit out of the land would be to combine either in joint-stock companies or under a capitalist. Why, it may be asked, is this not tried? He answers, because all white labour is discouraged in the Slave States, and the life of the common white there is really that of a semi-barbarian. That white labour cannot compete with slavery in the midst of the Slave States is true, because the state of society is such that poor whites are either driven away or demoralized. But that has nothing to do with the general question whether, if there were no slaves, whites could get as large a supply of cotton out of the Mississippi region as is produced under negro slavery.

If negro slavery is not indispensable, the next question is, why is it undesirable? The Southern disputant alleges that it is an excellent thing in itself; that it carries out the decrees of Providence, which has created the negro an inferior animal; that it has a good effect on the planters, making them a noble, refined, courteous, hospitable set; that it promotes the interests of religion and education; and that it gives all the happiness to negroes of which they are capable. Mr. Olmsted takes all these points one

* *A Journey in the Back Country.* By Frederick Law Olmsted. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1860.

by one; and first of all as to the general effect of slavery on the country. It has often been pointed out how soon the present system of cotton-growing exhausts the soil, as its virgin fertility is worn out by constant crops, and no means are taken to replace the productive elements consumed. Mr. Olmsted observes that the social effect of the rapid shifting of plantations is quite as bad as its effect on the soil. "Why," he asks, "should a planter, whose land fifteen years hence will not be worth cultivating, expend money and labour on houses, roads, bridges, and fruit-trees, on schools and churches, or on railroads and wharves?" The planter comes to spread over the tract he appropriates nothing but desolation. He cannot afford to rear up the costly machinery by which, as communities become settled, the mental and spiritual wants of man are provided for. Nor does he himself attain exceptional comfort and refinement. The planter almost always spends his profits in more slaves, and in the acquisition of new plantations; he does not gather around him the materials of comfort and refinement. He continues a half-civilized nomad. The following passage gives the curious result of Mr. Olmsted's wide observations on the manner in which planters live. After saying that he had been told beforehand to trust to the planters' hospitality, and that he would everywhere meet with comfort and luxury, he continues thus:—

Families of real refinement and home comforts may be found in the South. I have found them—a dozen of them, delightful homes. But then in a hundred cases where I received such advice, and heard houses and men so described, I did not find one of the things imagined above, nor anything ranging with them. Between the Mississippi and the Upper James River I saw not only none of those things, received none of those attentions, but I saw and met nothing of the kind. Nine times out of ten at least, after such a promise, I slept in a room with others, in a bed which stank, supplied with but one sheet, if with any; I washed with utensils common to the whole household; I found no garden, no flowers, no fruit, no tea, no cream, no sugar, no bread (for corn pone, let me assert, in parenthesis, though possibly, as tastes differ, a very good thing of its kind for ostriches, is not bread: neither does even flour, salt, fat, and water, stirred together and warmed, constitute bread); no curtains, no lifting windows (three times out of four absolutely no windows), no couch—if one reclined in the family room, it was on the bare floor—for there were no carpets or mats. For all that, the house swarmed with vermin. There was no hay, no straw, no oats (but mouldy corn and leaves of maize), no discretion, no care, no honesty at the —, there was no stable but a log-pen; and, besides this, no other out-house but a smoke-house, a corn-house, and a range of nigger-houses.

But the Southerners are fond of saying that at any rate slavery has one effect indisputably good—it elevates the character of the slaveholder. The Southern planter is notorious for hospitality, for high breeding, and for refinement. "It is true," Mr. Olmsted replies, "that Southern planters are fond of giving themselves credit for these good qualities, and have blown their own trumpet so loudly that the world has believed them. But what are the facts?" Mr. Olmsted is loud in his complaint of the inhospitality he met with, and tells many anecdotes illustrative of it, although he takes care to assure us he was generally himself taken for a Southerner, and so this inhospitality was not due to any antipathy towards a Northerner, and possible Abolitionist. He sums up his experience in the following terms:—

Presenting myself and known only in the character of a chance traveller, most likely to be in search of health, entertainment, and information, usually taken for and treated as a Southerner, until I stated that I was not one, I journeyed nearly six months at one time (my second journey) through the South. During all this journey I came not oftener than once a week, on an average, to public-houses, and was thus generally forced to seek lodging and sustenance at private houses. Often it was refused me; not unfrequently rudely refused. But once did I meet with what Northern readers could suppose Mr. De Bow to mean by the term (used in the same article) "free roadside hospitality." Not once with the slightest appearance of what Noah Webster defines hospitality, the "practice of receiving or entertaining strangers without reward."

Only twice, in a journey of four thousand miles, made independently of public conveyances, did I receive a night's lodging or a repast from a native Southerner, without having the exact price in money which I was expected to pay for it stated to me by those at whose hands I received it.

Breeding and manners are difficult things to express definite opinions about, for they are a matter of individual opinion. Mr. Olmsted quite admits that the Southerner has plenty of ease and assurance, but he also remarks that the ease of the Southerner is coupled with an indulgence in violent passion which makes it difficult to associate with him. "A young man who is offended with another seems crazy for blood, and is impelled to kill his opponent with the first weapon that comes to hand." The Southerner has also that intense and narrow pride in himself and in everything belonging to him, which is the result partly of his position as a master, and partly of the intellectual atmosphere in which he lives. It must be remembered that there is no such thing as discussion allowed in the Slave States. There is no mental freedom whatever. A man's life and fortune are gone unless he agrees with the prevailing theory on slavery; and a thousand questions of religion, morals, and government are so bound up with the main question of slavery, that a Southerner inherits a code of opinions from his cradle to which he is bound for the rest of life by the severest of penalties. Therefore, intellectual life is impossible in the South, and with its prohibition comes the want of all those influences on character and manners which intellectual capacity and freedom exercise. Then, again, the planter gets familiar with spectacles of inhumanity—with women flogged by men, with men hunted by dogs, with the tortures devised for the victims of a bloodthirsty and panic-stricken mob. It is in vain that he says to himself and to others that the negro is not really human. The negro is sufficiently near a man to make it

inevitable that the application of punishment to him which would be thought wrong if inflicted on a white, shall blunt the feelings and lessen the refinement of his tormentor. A few years ago, Mr. Olmsted tells us, a negro who had killed his master was publicly burnt alive at Knoxville, and a local paper edited by a Methodist preacher thus commented on the fact:—

We unhesitatingly affirm that the punishment was unequal to the crime. Had we been there, we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red-hot pincers—the cutting off of a limb at a time, and then burning them all in a heap. The possibility of his escaping from jail forbids the idea of awaiting the tardy movements of the law.

On which Mr. Olmsted remarks:—

How much more horrible than the deed are these apologies for it! They make it manifest that it was not accidental in its character, but a phenomenon of general and fundamental significance. They explain the paralytic effect upon the popular conscience of the great calamity of the South. They indicate a necessary tendency of people living under such circumstances to return in their habits of thought to the dark ages of mankind. For who, from the outside, can fail to see that the real reason why men, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the centre of the United States, are publicly burned at the stake, is one much less heathenish, less disgraceful to the citizens, than that given by the more zealous and extemporaneous of their journalistic exponents—the desire to torture the sinner proportionately to the measure of his sin. Doubtless, this reverend gentleman expresses the uppermost feeling of the ruling mind of his community. But would a similar provocation have developed a similar avenging spirit in any other nominally Christian or civilized people? Certainly not. All over Europe, and in every free State—California, for significant reasons, temporarily excepted—in similar cases, justice deliberately takes its course; the accused is systematically assisted in defending or excusing himself. If the law demands his life, the infliction of unnecessary suffering, and the education of the people in violence and feelings of revenge, is studiously avoided.

We omit to notice the effect of slavery on the poor whites, because their deplorable condition has been often painted, and also because no one attempts to deny that they are a wretched set. The planter considers them as excrescences for which he is not responsible. Slavery only implies the owner and the slave, and if outsiders are injured, they had better go away. But what is the effect on the negro? Undoubtedly the negro is physically well treated with regard to his animal wants. It would be odd if he were not, as he is worth from 200*l.* to 300*l.* But with regard to all other wants the Southern theory is that he is not a man, but a brute. He has, indeed, certain faculties of imitating man, but that is all. For instance, he can find pleasure in religious excitement, and likes singing hymns; and in this the planter sees no harm, as long as the negro is kept clear of meaning anything by the hymns he sings. Then, again, some negroes have an aptitude for accounts, and can reckon up very well, but they have no power of taking thought for the future; and it is this that marks the humanity of a man. Now, Mr. Olmsted is not a fanatic writing to establish a theory, and he gives the following candid description of the ordinary negro labourer:—

The field-hand negro is, on an average, a very poor and very bad creature, much worse than I had supposed before I had seen him and grown familiar with his stupidity, indolence, duplicity, and sensuality. He seems to be but an imperfect man, incapable of taking care of himself in a civilized manner, and his presence in large numbers must be considered a dangerous circumstance to a civilized people.

But then he contends that the negro can be gradually raised, and that the exceptional negro, of whom there are many specimens on every large plantation, can be quickly raised, to something better. And he sees the proof of this in the fear which the negro race excites. The Southerner shows that he really gives this manlike brute credit for possible intelligence when he confesses himself obliged to take such endless precautions against him.

Mr. Olmsted comes to the general conclusion that the effects of slavery are bad both for the master and the slave, and that, while the slave generally cannot be advantageously admitted to instant freedom, some plan should be devised by which those slaves who are worthy of freedom should obtain it. The practical measures which he proposes are two. One is to limit the area of slavery, and the other is to give freedom to a slave who shall do more than a fixed amount of task-work. On the first head he expresses himself thus:—

The necessity of the South really demands only cheaper labour and cheaper means of exchanging the results of labour. To restrict the region within which slave labour may be employed, would, after the varying demands for labour of different parts within the region had been equalized, check the further emigration of slaves from any particular district. As the natural increase of negroes would then in a great measure remain where it was born, any given district would soon be better supplied than at present with labourers. (This tendency might be increased by legal restrictions on the transfer, or State exportation of slaves.) With a better provision of labour, land would increase in production. With an increased production of each district, new facilities of transportation to the consumer would be required from that district. With a diminished cost of labour, these facilities could be more cheaply obtained; with a larger amount to carry, more effective means of carriage could be provided with profit. With the cost of exportation, the cost of importation would be lessened. Articles of use, comfort and luxury, including tools and machinery, and the results of study in improved methods of agriculture, and in all industry, would be made more accessible, cheaper, and more common. This would act further, and constantly further and further, to lessen the cost of the labour necessary to obtain a given value of cotton or of any other production of the soil.

And he thus sums up his opinions on the practical possibility of gradual emancipation:—

It will be said, of course, that, however practicable in Jefferson's time, nothing of this kind is so now, since the demand for cotton has quadrupled the value of slaves. It is for this reason now practicable, if not before,

There is no slave so valuable that he could not make himself more valuable, if he knew how, and chose to be more valuable. Increase his industry and intelligence, and he becomes more valuable. Punish him as now, but more systematically and effectually, for laziness, stupidity, and carelessness, but hold before him a sure reward for industry, study of his allotted duty, and perseverance in it, and he will share all the larger interests of his master, and be equally anxious with him for the suppression of disorder in lower and more vicious classes than his own. There is many a negro who is now considered a dangerous, or at least a "rascally" fellow, whose labour brings not four bales of cotton a year, who, if he saw hard fare and a well organized and thorough penal system on one side, and freedom, or a sure progress toward it, for himself and his family on the other, with luxuries meanwhile, could and would make his labour worth as much as seven bales of cotton a year. In half-a-dozen years, the difference would be equal to his present value. At the same time, his personal interest at stake in the maintenance of the existing system of government, and of peace and order, would be yearly and daily increasing.

The task method of working slaves which prevails in much of South Carolina and Georgia, proves, in my judgment, that what would seem the most serious difficulty in such a system, amounts to nothing, when self-interest is once felt to be engaged in its success, for the common overseers, men who cannot read and write themselves, allot the tasks to the slaves, and seldom fail to have them executed. On the other hand, where the system has once become established, it is found very difficult, and not very profitable, to force the slaves to work more for their master than the custom. Give custom the sanction and penalties of law, and let the community feel its peace to be endangered by a disregard of the law, and there would be certainly less knavery and cruelty to the negro than now; more wealth with less care to the master.

Are these things so or not? Is Mr. Olmsted substantially right or substantially wrong? We wish that a Southern writer as candid, as calm, as well-instructed, and as capable of generalizing his thoughts, would answer. Unfortunately, it is only too probable that the great slavery question will, as Mr. Olmsted apprehends, be solved in a very different way than by fair argument and conciliatory discussion. A large part, we may almost say an alarmingly large part, of this volume, is devoted to showing that the Southerners are fast driving on a disruption of the Union by a resolution, every year becoming more popular and more definitely formed, to demand the revival of African importation. Their manner of cultivation and the hope of gain makes them long for its revival, and the theory of negro humanity which they have persuaded themselves to regard as axiomatic, prompts them to think that the importation of negroes from Africa would be the greatest kindness they could bestow on these "imitative animals." The North, they own, will kick against it; but the North, they loudly proclaim, dare not fight them. It may be taken as a fact significant of the present state of society in America, that a dispassionate writer like Mr. Olmsted devotes twenty-five closely-printed pages to showing why he thinks that the North will not only fight them but beat them.

THE LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.*

"KNOW thyself" is a moral maxim not less important for nations than for individuals to observe. All moralists combine to assure us that, however carefully we may scrutinize our own natures, we never see ourselves as truly as others see us. So it is also with nations. In spite of constant self-inspection they do not know the real truth about their own institutions as it appears to the impartial and observant eyes of foreigners. England is particularly unfortunate in this respect. There is no country which devotes so much attention to the examination of its own condition; and yet there is no country from before whose eyes foreign critics are more often compelled to tear the veil of deception. If it were not for M. Michelet and M. Thierry we should not know that Norman, Saxon, and Celt are still battling for the mastery over our island. If it were not for M. Ledru Rollin and a score of imitators, we should not know that our prosperity and our power are rapidly declining. If it were not for the author of *La Question Irlandaise*, we should fancy that the Irish lived under the same laws as ourselves. It is a fortunate remedy for our peculiar blindness that we have for our neighbours a very literary nation, who, being prevented by adverse circumstances from criticising their own institutions, have full leisure to concentrate all their acumen upon us.

The novel before us throws some new light on one of our institutions, which, as the book has not been much read in England, we feel bound to communicate to our readers. That institution is the Junior Lord of the Admiralty. We all know the sort of feeling with which, in England, the Admiralty is generally regarded. It is a mingled sentiment, made up of profound contempt for its past proceedings and an uneasy sensation—half curiosity—half dread with respect to what it will do next. And if our feelings with regard to the Board at large do not border on idolatry, the temperature of our admiration by no means rises when we give ourselves up exclusively to the contemplation of the Junior Lord. As we see him now, and as we fancy he has always been, he is the Boots of the Administration—something lower than a Lord of the Treasury, and less useful than a Judge-Advocate. His functions are confined to the honourable labour of cheering the Secretary of the Admiralty when nobody else can be got to do it, and sitting on the Treasury bench when everybody else is at dinner or in bed. But it was not so always. Though his functions may now be politically menial, he is the inheritor of a splendid past. M. Adrien Robert is a student of

history, and, to judge from the book before us, has brought new and strange matter to light. Let us learn, from the thrilling fiction in which he has clothed his researches, what a Junior Lord of the Admiralty was a hundred years ago.

In the year 1757—so runs the tale—the Board of Admiralty, which sat at Plymouth in those days, possessed enormous docks at a place called Louisburg in Newfoundland, and discovered that at these docks great waste was going on. We are glad to recognise that, so far at least, the author has seized the salient characteristic of an English Board of Admiralty. To pry out the causes of this waste, the Board resolved to send over to Louisburg one of their own number in the disguise of a carpenter. In pursuance, apparently, of the practice of the Board in those days, the individual member destined for this honourable duty was chosen by lot, and the lot fell on Sir Georges Dunbar, the Junior Lord. Accordingly, Sir Georges put on his disguise, and was duly admitted to work in the dockyard. The device seems to have answered very well—perhaps it might be worthy of imitation in our own day. If, instead of sitting on a Whitehall Commission, Mr. Frederick Peel would disguise himself as a dock-labourer, he might find out wonderful things, besides producing a great sensation in the dockyard. Unfortunately, just as Sir Georges had spied out all the abuses, and was going home to present his report upon them, he fell desperately in love with the sister of a brother shipwright, named Suzannah Lothian. As a matter of course, it being a French novel, he seduced her. Her brother challenged him, and they fought a duel with two pair of compasses—stretched out, it is to be presumed. In this new sort of warfare the Lord of the Admiralty was victorious, and ran his antagonist through the heart, and the young lady, after giving birth to a son, died of grief. After this achievement, the Junior Lord seems to have left his expectant colleagues at home in the lurch, and to have abandoned himself to a life-long penance in America. By way of showing his grief, he passes his days as a spy in the United States, under the thoroughly English name of Mogueith, and in that capacity reappears, some twenty years later, at the siege of Charlestown. Meanwhile, his son by Suzannah Lothian has grown up to man's estate, and is at twenty years of age a renowned corsair, under the name of Cleveland, and also, by an unusual combination of characters, a naval commander employed by the English against the United States. Sir Georges, under his feigned name, becomes secretary to a brutal Governor of Charlestown, who performs all kinds of impossible cruelties upon English prisoners, and whom he is secretly betraying. After many hairbreadth escapes, the end of his plots is that Charlestown falls into the hands of the English admiral, Sir Peter Parker. But his mysterious disappearance and twenty years' absence from England seem to have brought no impeachment to his dignity as Junior Lord of the Admiralty. There appears to have been a stability about the office which its modern tenants must envy. Just before the taking of Charlestown, he does the spy, and declares himself Sir Georges Dunbar—or, as he is indifferently called, Lord Dunbar—and straightway the Junior Lord of the Admiralty revives in all his mysterious might. Not only does "le lord," as he is thenceforth called, immediately take the rank of admiral in Sir Peter Parker's fleet, but he presents his corsair son with the captaincy of a man-of-war on the spot. The following scene gives us an idea of what a Junior Lord of the Admiralty was in other days. In order to understand it, the reader must remember that Sir Peter Parker is a "mildred" too, and that *La Magicienne* is the name of the corsair schooner:—

A boat putting off from the Admiral's vessel pulled up to the side of *La Magicienne*. The Admiral Peter Parker, Lord Dunbar, and two officers of the staff mounted upon the deck of the schooner. Cleveland went to receive the two Admirals at the bottom of the ladder, while the crew, drawn up upon the deck and on the yards, gave them three cheers. The Lord of the Admiralty was very pale. He pressed Cleveland in his arms, and presenting him to Admiral Parker, said, with emotion, "My Lord, since you have been good enough to accompany me on board this schooner, permit me to present to you my son, Sir Cleveland Dunbar, commander of *La Magicienne*." "Your son!" said the Admiral, in surprise. "Yes, my Lord; and as I shall perhaps never see England again, as I may be killed in the action on which we are about to enter, I wish to entrust to you the titles and deeds which will secure to my son a name and a fortune." Lord Parker took, with his left hand, the papers which his colleague presented to him, and offered his right to the young corsair. "I swear to you, my friend," said he, kindly, "that it shall be done as you wish. I knew you already, Captain Cleveland. Your schooner is very old, and worn out with the glorious cruises she has already made in the Atlantic. Do not spare her to-day. Bring her back to me well riddled with bullets, torn with cannon-balls, and I will give you in exchange a fine frigate, quite new." "To-night it shall be, my Lord," proudly said the Corsair, bowing to the Lord. "On which ship will you fight, my Lord Dunbar?" asked Parker. Dunbar stretched his hand towards the battery of Moultrie, on to which the enemy were hastily wheeling fresh artillery. "I think, my Lord," said he, simply, "the position is too good an one for me to wish to change it." "Very well," said Lord Parker, "then hoist your flag on board *La Magicienne*." . . .

A few minutes after, Parker returned on board the *Royal Georges*, and the flag of the Admiral floated over *La Magicienne*.

We have a few other sketches of English life and manners equally valuable for the novelities they contain. Beer, of course, forms a prominent feature of the national existence. When the sailors bet, they bet each other puncheons of the "beer of Fulham"—a liquor whose merits are unknown to fame, but whose mention is no doubt intended as a compliment to the jovial reputation of the English Episcopate. But our author is rather wild in his geography of beer. One of his dandies describes the pursuits of a fashionable life as consisting of

* *Le Lord de l'Amirauté*. Par Adrien Robert. 2 vols. Bruxelles: Kieseling.

"breeding foxes in one's park, and drinking the double porter of Scotland."

It may be judged from the specimens we have given that the novel from which we have been quoting is the work of a very lively imagination. There is much in it besides these national traits that will be attractive to the lovers of a bold style of romance. It teems with the class of incidents with which Mrs. Radcliffe and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth have held the mirror up to nature. It abounds with mysteries, murders, and terrible occasions. There are homicides in every style and suited to every taste, from the simple judicial execution or fatal duel to burning alive and pitch plasters after the recipe of Burke and Hare. Poisons are freely used. There are kidnappings, wreckings, ambushes, suicides. There are spies, male and female, sliding panels, and plots of every degree of complication. Almost every character in the book at one time or another appears in a disguise. And there are warm scenes also of the kind that fit the book for a French circulation, but that wound the feelings of the Minister of the Interior. But these are the stock apparatus of the regulation French novel. We should hardly have thought it necessary to notice such a gem of art, if it had not furnished an illustration of the study which foreign *litterateurs* bestow on our history, and of the intelligence with which they appreciate our institutions.

MILDEW, MOULD, AND DRY-ROT.*

THE flash of pleasant surprise which stirs the mind when first we learn that the rust of iron is, chemically speaking, very like the flame of a candle, will be felt again when we learn that the mildew which destroys our wheat, the dry-rot which ruins our timber, and the mould which overruns our jam, our ink, our cheese, our provisions and fruit, are, botanically speaking, very much the same vegetables as the truffle and mushroom which epicures prize, and the strong-smelling toadstools which the ignorant despise. They, and many more, belong to the Fungi—a very numerous tribe, and a very interesting and useful one, whose history is carefully compiled and admirably expounded by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley in the work before us.

We ought to know something of the Fungi, for they meet us everywhere. We see them as tremulous masses of orange-bright or purple and brown jelly covering the rotten sticks in our hedges and ditches. We see them on the trunks of trees as ear-shaped flaccid masses, brought into notice on the first shower of rain; or on the roots of an old oak, where they grow in rich ferruginous masses, somewhat resembling the intestines of an animal. We see them in turnip-fields, and amongst the stubble, resembling little cups filled with eggs, and as mere dark specks upon leaves and twigs. We see them and dread them as mildew, smut, and rust upon our corn. We see them as blue mould on cheese and jam; and they are constantly trying our temper by their presence in our ink. We see them on old damp carpets and on naked walls; nay, Mr. Berkeley has seen one growing on a leaden cistern at Kew, from which it could derive no nutriment, and Mr. Sowerby has seen them on cinders outside the dome of St. Paul's. We have seen them on the lenses of our microscope, and in the poisonous solution (bichromate of potash) which contained a pig's spinal cord for preservation. They are often seen on animals and in animals; and most of our readers are familiar with them on the bodies of flies in autumn. They are frequent visitors of wine-cellar, and there is one which "is the pride of the merchant when it hangs about the walls in black powdery tufts." But some of them the merchant views with feelings not exactly of pride. They attack his corks, and, if time be given them, will get into the wine. One of these contents itself with merely giving an unpleasant taste and odour; but the other, "after preying upon the corks, sends down branched threads into the liquid, at length rendering it a mere *caput mortuum*." They are seen, alas! in the potato and vine; and they make their unwelcome appearance as "blood rain" on provisions during very hot weather; they are then of a blood red, and spread in little jets as if squirted from an artery. Finally, we may allude to their appearance as Fairy Rings on lawns and meadows.

Unhappily as many of these fungi are held to be, and injurious as some of them certainly are, the beauty and the uses of many are not to be gainsaid. Of the ordinary toadstool there are several brilliant and graceful species, though, to be sure, they have often a perfume stronger, but less sweet, than that of the rose. And, as to use, in the first place they are edible and much eaten:—

For not only do savage tribes like the Fugians adopt certain species as their staple food during many months, but in a considerable part of Europe Fungi are largely consumed when fresh, and preserved in casks for winter use. It should seem that, for this latter purpose, such species as are firm and easily preserved are collected almost indiscriminately, the vinegar in which they are kept in all probability neutralizing the poisonous alkali which all of them contain in a greater or less proportion. The use, however, of fresh Fungi is not always unattended with danger. Some species seem to be uniformly poisonous, while others—and amongst these even the common Mushroom—though usually safe, occasionally lead to mischief. This, in all probability, depends upon the varying quantity of poisonous alkali which enters into their composition. Incredible as it may seem to us, who never scruple

to eat the true Mushroom, that species is most carefully excluded from Italian markets; while, on the contrary, with the exception of the Truffle and Morel, it is almost the only one which is allowed to be exposed for sale in Paris.

It is this unhappy tendency to cause death on some occasions, and extremely unpleasant stomacic conditions on others, that has thrown a suspicion over the nutritive character of fungi, which all enthusiasts in fungology declare to be painfully unjust. A death now and then may be admitted, and occasional cholera; but what of that? Men must die, we know; and if a pleasant and nutritious food is to be forsworn because some eater thereof was foolish or feeble enough to die after eating it, no food will be admitted to table, except beef, bread, potatoes, milk, and such common articles; for, it is argued, "there are peculiarities of constitution which will not admit certain kinds of food, even of the most harmless description. Some sorts of animal food—pork, shell-fish, &c., are absolute poison to individuals; and I have a friend who cannot eat the smallest portion of an egg without serious inconvenience." Therefore, say the enthusiasts, granting an occasional death or fit of indigestion, this should not be valid as an objection against eating fungi. Such accidents are rare, and "arise from the grossest ignorance." "A man, after a long day's fast, eats a pound or two of mushrooms badly cooked, and frequently without a proper quantity of bread to secure their mastication, and is then surprised to hear that he has a frightful fit of indigestion." The blockhead! Had he contented himself with less than a pound or two, and taken care that his cook was accomplished, he might, with due allowance of bread, have digested the mushrooms easily. But he took no heed of these things—his blood be on his own head!

Seriously, however, there is considerable weight to be attached to Mr. Berkeley's suggestion, that "a great deal depends on the quantity of bread eaten with them. In countries where coarse bread is largely consumed, raw vegetable diet, such as would induce dysentery here, is taken with impunity. Willdenow informs us that for some weeks he lived on fungi and coarse bread, and enjoyed during the time most excellent health." But Mr. Berkeley puts in a word of caution, and declares that if the fungi were eaten indiscriminately, and without the use of neutralizing condiments, there would be many fatal accidents. Nor is this all. Even care will not prevent accidents. Dr. Badham, a passionate defender of fungi as esculent, once suffered violently from simply tasting some of the spores of one of the milky Agarics which he had collected, and a fatal accident was nearly happening to one of his friends from eating a small piece of some Fly Agarics which had been sent to him to make a decoction for poisoning flies. It is observed, however, that few species have such virulent properties, and in general the taste or texture of the dangerous species is such as to render them unacceptable. But "in general" is too vague for the public. We wish to know *which* of the species are dangerous, and the only indication we get is one valuable, indeed, but not wholly reassuring. The safest plan, we are told, is never to try any which have a disagreeable or forbidding smell; while those which have a sweet or farinaceous odour are generally safe. Never use any species unless perfectly sound, and take care that they be cooked in such a way as to secure their being tender and easy of digestion; eat moderately of them, and largely of bread, and there will be little danger.

If it is true that some suspicion hovers over fungi as eatable, we can wholly claim their usefulness in some other directions. Ketchup, for example—nothing is whispered against that. The consumption of mushrooms to make ketchup may be appreciated from the fact that one merchant alone has "at the present moment, in consequence of the enormous produce of mushrooms during the present season, no less than eight hundred gallons on hand, and that collected within a radius of some three or four miles." Yeast, also, is a fungus, and its services are too well known to be insisted on. German tinder—precious to all smokers—is made from a fungus, beaten out and steeped in a solution of saltpetre. Another fungus makes excellent razor-strops—probably from containing minute crystals hard enough to act upon steel.

By the side of the benefits, it is but fair to place the injuries caused by fungi. They attack us, our houses, our fruits, our vegetables, and our trees:—

It has been long known that trees would not in general flourish where others had grown before, and this was attributed to exhaustion of the soil; it is now, however, ascertained that the evil arises from spawn attached to old decaying roots. A most striking instance occurred lately in the Gardens at Kew. Two Deodaras were planted before the director's house, within a few yards of each other, under apparently similar circumstances. After a time, one of these became unhealthy, and it was suggested that the roots should be examined. A scrutiny in consequence took place, when it was found that an old cherry tree formerly stood on the same spot, that its roots were covered with spawn, and that this had extended to the roots of the Deodara. The remains of the old cherry-tree were accordingly grubbed up, and the diseased portions of the Deodara removed, and now it bids fair to thrive without any further check. The effect is sometimes apparently so sudden that it is attributed to lightning, the fact being that the exigencies of the plant have been supplied by a small portion of the roots which remained in a sufficiently healthy condition to convey nutriment. Herbaceous plants—as, for instance, strawberries—suffer from the same cause, and it is now matter of certainty, that wherever fragments of wood or sticks exist in manure, whether in the garden or field, there is considerable danger. The formidable Larch-rot, which converts the trunks of larches so frequently into hollow pipes, is often attributable to this cause.

On the whole, the injuries are greater than the benefits.

* *Outlines of British Fungology.* By the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. London: Lovell Reeve. 1860.

Finally, let us call attention to Mr. Berkeley's decisive refutation of a very common error—that, namely, of supposing fungi to be creatures of decay, and requiring the *nidus* of decomposing organic matter for their development. This is true only of a few species. We have already noticed that a fungus appeared in a poisonous solution which we had prepared for the express purpose of preventing the decomposition of animal substances. Mr. Berkeley notices many examples not less conclusive:—

One of the most curious properties of certain Fungi is their capability of growth in substances which are in general destructive to vegetables. Tannin is one of these substances, and yet a Fungus very frequently makes its appearance on the wood with which the tan-pits are lined. It is perhaps not so surprising that many species prefer spent tan to almost any other substance, though even this does not seem favourable to phenogams, except so far as it is useful in raising the temperature of the houses in which they grow. Many vegetable poisons, as opium, though innocuous to the plants by which they are produced, so long as they remain in their proper cells or receptacles, are positively destructive when mixed with the fluid which is taken up by their roots. More than one species of Fungus, however, is developed on extracted opium, and the factories in India have suffered greatly from their presence. Solutions of arsenic, sulphate of iron, sulphate of copper, &c., though highly concentrated, do not prevent the growth of some Fungi of a low order, though at once destructive to others. A few years since, a little Mould, developed in the solution of copper used for electrolyzing in the department of the Coast Survey of Washington, proved an intolerable nuisance. Strange to say, it decomposes the salt, assimilating the sulphuric acid, and rejecting the copper, which is deposited round its threads in a metallic form.

The small selection of interesting facts we have drawn from Mr. Berkeley's Introduction will probably suffice to call the attention of the reader to this agreeable and admirably-executed work. It is a complete monograph on all those larger fungi which can be examined by the naked eye or a common lens, and contains twenty-four coloured plates, with numerous figures. To any student of fungi it will be indispensable.

THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—VOL. II.

Second Notice.

HOSTILITIES in Europe terminated, as we have seen, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1749. The Seven Years' War began in 1756. In the East Indies and in North America, however, there was scarcely any interval of settled peace between France and England. The embers of the old war smouldered until the new war burst into a blaze. In 1755, this new war was seen to be inevitable. Early in 1756, a French expedition sailed from Toulon to Minorca, and, by a tissue of deplorable negligence and blundering, the English Government made the capture of that place possible. Admiral Byng became the victim of an outcry which might as justly have been directed against the Ministers. The British naval superiority in the Mediterranean was lost through the weakness of the fleet and the want of resolution in the commander. Times were indeed changed since another Byng had made the British flag supreme in those waters from which his namesake now retired before the French. But if indignation is excited at the supineness of the British Government, it is also aroused even to a higher point by their manifestations of what was meant for vigour. In the war which was now commencing, the miserable system of descents upon the French coast was pushed to the furthest point of ridiculous and costly failure. We were reminded lately, by the celebration of the French victory of St. Cast, that in 1758 a detachment of the British Guards ran with more haste than glory to their boats, after attempting what was designed for an invasion, but deserved only to be called a foray. The ground upon which these contemptible expeditions were recommended was that the French troops which threatened to overrun Hanover would be thus recalled to the defence of their own coasts. The first Pitt gained great popularity by the declaration that he would never consent to shed one drop of British blood on German battle-fields. But it was to the same Pitt that his country owed her share in the victory of Minden. Like other politicians, he arrived in time at the sensible conclusion that if British blood was to be shed in the defence of Hanover, the frontier of Hanover afforded the most advantageous field for its expenditure. The campaigns of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick brought glory to the British troops who served under him, and they also supplied—what is always valuable to a great nation—an excellent military school for the formation of officers able to bear their part in future and perhaps inevitable wars.

It will be a melancholy, but not altogether an uninstrucive, task to glance at the progress and issue of what was designed to be "a well-combined and vigorous descent on the coast of France, to give a decisive blow to the French marine, and to effect a powerful diversion to the war upon the Continent." Let us, however, comfort ourselves at the outset by observing that Clive gained the battle of Plassey in the same year (1757) which saw the failure of the expedition against Rochefort. Of course the object of this expedition was a profound secret. A parade of mystery, which deceived nobody, was always an important feature in these absurd proceedings. Sir Edward Hawke commanded the fleet, and Howe served in it; while among the military officers was Wolfe, who, we may be sure, drew from these feeble and inglorious operations lessons which in after time proved valuable. A part of the force was landed at the mouth of the river on which Rochefort stands, and then eight days were consumed in considering what should

be done next. "It was agreed in a final council of war, that the best thing to be done was to return home." The British nation had the satisfaction of seeing its fleet and army brought safely back. The commander of the troops, Sir John Mordaunt, was tried by a court-martial and acquitted. He deserves at least, when compared with other generals, the credit of having lost neither men nor honour, but only time and money. Next year, strange to say, the British Government repeated the experiment on even a larger scale. The King, we can easily believe, would have preferred to send the troops to Germany. He was undeniably right when he predicted that "all that would be done would be that we should brag of having burned the French ships, and the French would say they had driven us away." The fleet was now commanded by Lord Anson, and the army by the Duke of Marlborough, who appears to have been appointed for the sake of the name he bore. Thirteen thousand troops were landed near St. Malo without the loss of a man, and six days later they were re-embarked in perfect safety. "The French learned that they were not to be conquered by every Duke of Marlborough." His Grace embarked in such haste that he left behind him his teaspoons, which were politely sent after him by a French officer. After looking at Havre and Cherbourg, and not liking them, the expedition returned in a storm to Portsmouth. Howe, who had charge of the transports, was in the worst of humours, and Lord George Sackville, who had commanded under the Duke of Marlborough, declared very sensibly that he would never again go buccanering. However, the British Government were still dissatisfied to see their armament come safely back. Again they sent it to the French coast, and this time Howe commanded the fleet, while General Bligh was at the head of about 6000 troops. At last something was to be done. A landing was effected at Cherbourg, and it was determined to destroy the forts and basin. The only opposition offered was by the stores of wine, upon which the troops got very drunk. They also plundered the neighbourhood, and the peasants murdered some of the soldiers, and the general hanged one. Then the army once more took to its ships, having only lost a few of the greatest scoundrels in it. Unhappily there was still a demand for more vigorous action, and for the fourth time did the British tempt fortune by landing near St. Malo. When they had landed, the place was reconnoitred and pronounced by a council of war unassailable with the existing means. The troops marched a few leagues along the coast, and news was brought that the Governor of Brittany was collecting a force to attack them. Thereupon another council of war was held, and an officer made in it this reasonable proposal, that if it was not their intention to fight, they should retreat immediately, and be as expeditious as possible in the re-embarkation. This advice was adopted, and very early on the morning of the 11th of September, 1758, the troops marched off towards the ships. But delays occurred on the march, so that the French had time to come up and assail the troops as they embarked. All the force got on board the ships except a rear-guard of fifteen hundred men. These for a time displayed great composure and steadiness, but at length ammunition failed, and a panic ensued. The men ran, and the French pursued and killed many of them. About seven hundred were slain, drowned, and taken prisoners. If it was this reverse that deterred our Government from further attempts of the same kind, it must be owned that the cessation of them was cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of seven hundred men.

It is a relief from these miserable details to learn that about a month before the disaster of St. Cast a British contingent of 10,000 or 12,000 men had arrived in Prince Ferdinand's camp in Germany, where both men and horses were objects of immense admiration. "The cavalry regiments, some mounted entirely on roan horses, some on grey, some on black, and some on bay, and all of a superior class, with about 2000 Highlanders, are especially noted in the account of these transactions." But in the winter an epidemic broke out among these splendid troops and thinned their numbers sadly. The Duke of Marlborough, who commanded them, died greatly lamented, and he was succeeded by Lord George Sackville, who quarrelled with Prince Ferdinand, and, but for the good offices of the Marquis of Granby, would have refused to show any subordination to him. At the outset of the war, England, as we have seen, did not send any troops to the Continent, but she sent a general, the Duke of Cumberland. Afterwards, by a preferable arrangement, we recalled our general and sent our troops. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick was inferior to no commander of that age except the King of Prussia, and he was very superior to the French generals opposed to him, although their powerful forces often compensated for a deficiency of ability. One of the best of Prince Ferdinand's officers was his nephew, Prince Charles of Brunswick, better known as the Hereditary Prince. He was an active and adventurous leader, ever ready for some surprise of the French posts, and we find an English detachment almost always accompanying him in these enterprises. This Prince, when full of years and honours, was appointed to command the Prussian army which invaded France in 1792, and he was killed at the battle of Auerstadt in 1806, being then seventy years old. After the deaths of the other heroes of the Seven Years' War, he was reputed to be the ablest general in Europe, but he belonged to a school which was unfit to cope with the revolutionary energy of the French.

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One of the best as well as the most popular soldiers of his day was the Marquis of Granby, who commanded the English at Minden under Lord George Sackville, and whose name and effigy still decorate public-houses in all parts of England, proving that he kept a place in the heart of every grenadier and trooper that had served under him. He endeavoured at Minden to persuade Lord George Sackville to obey the orders of Prince Ferdinand, and make a decisive charge with the English cavalry, but in vain. By this unfortunate piece of obstinacy Lord George deprived the allied army of the glory of a complete victory; but it is only just to admit that his personal courage had been proved on many fields of battle, and the real defect in his character was in that sense of duty which would have subordinated private feelings to the public good. This battle of Minden was fought on the 1st of August, 1759, on the banks of the river Weser, between which and the Rhine lay in general the scene of all those campaigns of which the object was to cover Hanover. Prince Ferdinand felt at this time that nothing but a battle could hinder the French from taking up their winter quarters in the Electorate. They were encamped in a strong position, where he could not attack them with any prospect of success. His object therefore was to draw them from their post into the plain, but the movements necessary to effect this were very hazardous. "Perhaps there is no instance of generalship so complete and finished as his manoeuvres on this occasion," Marshal de Contades fell completely into the snare laid for him. He quitted his position and advanced to attack the Prince, seeing his army, as he thought, divided and disjointed. Prince Ferdinand had resolved to anticipate the attack. The British troops were advanced so as to threaten the enemy's centre, where all the cavalry were posted, being the same faulty disposition as proved so disastrous to the French at Blenheim. This body of cavalry now fell upon the British infantry, who, with the aid of a powerful fire of artillery, broke and forced back the whole of it. "The behaviour of the British and Hanoverian foot was valiant and courageous to a degree that was never perhaps exceeded." By half-past eight in the morning they had driven sixty squadrons of cavalry out of the field. They had stood the reiterated charges of the many successive bodies of horse that were brought against them, with a resolution and steadiness that could not be surpassed, and in the end they cut to pieces and entirely routed two brigades of infantry who attempted to move up to assist the cavalry attack. At this period of the action, Prince Ferdinand sent orders to Lord George Sackville to advance with the British cavalry, which, if it could have charged the enemy at the instant of their retreat would have been of immense effect. But Lord George would not understand the Duke's wishes, and the critical moment passed away. The Marquis of Granby indeed spurred forward, but Lord George commanded him to halt, while he went himself to Prince Ferdinand and received the order. When he returned it was too late to do any service; and thus the British cavalry lost all share in the glory of the action. Lord George was tried by a court-martial, and found guilty of disobeying orders, and declared unfit to serve the king in any military capacity. Perhaps if he had been treated with the same severity as Byng, posterity would not have arraigned the justice of his sentence. He lived to become a peer and Secretary of the Colonies. Prince Ferdinand had made sure of victory, and had written to one of his partisans that he should beat the French next day, and should hold him responsible for the escape of any part of their baggage. A blow struck by the Hereditary Prince immediately afterwards rendered the victory more decisive than it at first appeared. The French retreated in great disorder. The British nation was justly proud of the part played by its infantry at Minden; and as regards the other successes of Prince Ferdinand it had at least the satisfaction of having paid for them.

WINDSOR'S ETHICA.*

THESE Essays, some of which are articles reprinted from the *British Quarterly Review*, belong to a class of literature which "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The old trade of reviewers was to review. They criticised the books which the public was reading, and helped it to form a judgment on those books in accordance with sound principles of judgment and taste. But now the Quarterlies especially have got into the way of giving us articles about books and authors—very often old books and authors—which are neither criticism nor biography, but mere objectless fine writing, or writing which would be fine. Lord Macaulay, *vitiis imitabilis*, is the grand parent of this style of composition. His brilliant College exercise on Milton was the seductive example which generated a long series of rhetorical effusions of the same kind. The aim of each of these dissertations is not to give any new information about Johnson, or Walter Scott, or Montaigne, or Swift, or Cowper, nor to help the reader to understand or estimate any passage in their writings, but to say something about them more striking and more out of the way than ever was said before. Each essayist feels it necessary to cap his predecessor, and thus the pile of exaggeration and extravagance is ever mounting higher. Old authors are naturally the favourites for writers of brilliant

articles in search of a subject, because, being remote, they afford the better field for credulity and redomontade. Write about any living or recent author in the style in which essayists write about an old author of the same mark, and the extravagance will be apparent at once.

Lord Macaulay's *Edinburgh Essays*, both literary and historical, had this advantage over most of the imitations of them—that they were not without an ostensible purpose. They attempted, generally speaking, to prove and illustrate some literary or historical thesis. The Essay on Machiavelli attempted to prove the thesis that the morality of the "Prince" was not ironical but serious—that it was the real morality of Italian politics at that period. It was not mere writing about Machiavelli for the sake of saying smart things. The Essay on Ranke was an attempt to solve the question why Protestantism, having spread over great part of Europe so rapidly at the Reformation, has made so little progress in the world since that time. The Essay on Johnson was partly real criticism of Croker's edition, partly a solution of the problem arising or supposed to arise out of the contrast between Boswell's weakness as a man and his excellence as a biographer, partly a confutation of the view taken by high Tories of Johnson's character and intellect. The Essay on Temple aimed at reducing to its just level the reputation of a second-rate man, whose selfish prudence, it was alleged, had gained him too high a name in history for political wisdom. The Essay on Bacon aimed at establishing, against the partial judgment of Mr. Montagu, the seeming paradox that Bacon was the meanest as well as the wisest of mankind. In all these cases the ostensible object was, no doubt, a good deal overlaid by the profuse display of eloquence, wit, and historical erudition, but still there *was* an ostensible object, which gave point and unity to each Essay. Others of Lord Macaulay's Essays, such as those on Clive and Hastings, were, under the name of a review, regular biographies, though of a very rhetorical and fanciful kind. Mr. Windsor's Essays, like a thousand others of the same class, are mere objectless talk about certain literary characters and their works.

Perhaps the Essay on Montaigne is as good as any in this volume. It displays, no doubt, a certain amount of knowledge of the subject, and of appreciation of Montaigne's ways of thinking and feeling. But it would be difficult to say what conviction or impression it is intended to produce, or what there is in it which you would not get for yourself by reading Montaigne. Montaigne is not a deep and enigmatic writer, needing profound exegesis. When you have referred to the notes of Duval for explanations of a few allusions and archaisms, there is nothing which any cultivated intellect may not perfectly appreciate without the help of a hierophant. The chances are that the impression you form for yourself is far more accurate than that which you get at second-hand from an essayist bound by the exigencies of his calling to say something which nobody has said before him. As to reducing the iridescent play of Montaigne's humour and fancy to a system, it would be a mere platitude. "Was Montaigne a good Catholic? was he a Christian? are questions which everybody asks, and which no one can answer." We should have thought they were questions which nobody, having read his Essays, would ask. Of course, if people want to know something about Montaigne, and to be able to talk about him without having read him, a paper like this may have its use. But we should recommend in preference the perusal of a small selection of Montaigne's most characteristic Essays, such as the Essay on Death.

The style of these Essays is an imitation of Lord Macaulay's, and sometimes not an unsuccessful imitation. It abounds, however, with faults of taste and inaccuracies of diction. "It is typical of the pyrrhonic condition in which he (Montaigne) discharged the exigencies of his career." "At length a disturbance takes place; curiosity is excited, and some venturesome archaeologist disemboques the skeleton of a philosophy, or the sepulchred dust of what was once a vital theory." "His (Milton's) life comprehending, as it does, that great Epic in our history which relates the portentous rape on English Liberty." The following sentence is quite beyond our comprehension:—"What the historical origin of this spirit is, how it came to be an active potentiality on the side of political freedom, an irresistible co-agent in the scheme of society militant, will be best seen in tracing the rise of its canonical representatives in history." We always supposed a "potentiality" to be a power which was not "active." "Teleologically favourable to liberty" no doubt expresses something much more profound than "ultimately." When the era of the Revolution is called the "saturnalia of our literature," few would take Mr. Windsor to mean that it was the time when literature and literary men were most honoured. There are gross errors in scholarship, too—such as "Encomium More" and *Padua* for the Latin name of the Po. What upon earth is "Epechism," and what are the "Martine Thesians," with which Mr. Windsor does us the honour to suppose we are all perfectly familiar?

We do not mean to say that the book does not show a certain amount of reading and reflection, or that there are not some true remarks in it; but we do mean to say that it is very difficult to see why, as a whole, it was ever published, and that it can claim at our hands nothing but the tribute of a little earth.

* *Ethica; or, Characteristics of Men, Manners, and Books.* By Arthur Lloyd Windsor. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE day of commentators upon *Faust* is almost over. Dr. Köstlin* appears professedly for the purpose of summing up what has been said, more than for the purpose of siding with one party or the other. But in effect he is a strong partisan of the poet, and takes a decided line against those who, like Vischer, have assailed him, though he does not absolutely justify him on every minor point. It is not till he comes to the consideration of the second part of *Faust*, that his partiality appears very conspicuously; for in upholding the first part he has so large a majority of the literary world upon his side that his task is easy. All the criticisms of importance upon the original *Faust* resolve themselves into the fact that, in the course of composition, Goethe changed his plan, and did not quite efface the marks of the transition. At first he projected a wide departure from the story of the traditional Dr. Faustus. There was to be no compact with the Evil One and no Satanic machinery in the drama at all. Faust was to have been simply a learned recluse, wearied with profitless study, and beseeching the "Earth-spirit" to gratify his thirst for action and enjoyment; and Mephistopheles was to have been, instead of a fiend having a covenanted right to his soul, simply a companion given to him by the "Earth-spirit" to lead him into the more active and exciting existence for which he prayed. But the poet was not pleased with his own creation of the "Earth-spirit," and after a time resolved to discard him, and fall back upon the traditional compact with Satan. Unfortunately, a large portion of the drama had been written under the first plan, and seemed to its author too good to be expunged under the second. The result is, that the introduction of the "Earth-spirit" in the first scene is aimless and unmeaning, and that several other inconsistencies have been left, upon which hostile critics have eagerly seized. In his defence of the second part of *Faust*, Dr. Köstlin appears more decidedly as an advocate. He is laborious and often ingenious in discovering a rationale and a plan in a composition in which the majority of critics have only seen a disconnected series of fantastic dreams. He will not allow it to have been, as it has been called, "the offspring of Goethe's dotage," though he admits that the strained and crabbed phraseology was a proof of decaying literary power. It is too utterly and hopelessly mysterious not to have attracted a certain amount of German admiration; and there have been critics, in Northern Germany at least, towards whom Dr. Köstlin appears to lean, who look upon it as a mine of profound though hidden wisdom. Outside of Germany, Madame de Staël's expression, "Ce cauchemar de l'Allemagne," sufficiently sums up the prevalent opinion.

A cheap popular biography of Stein,† abridged from the larger work of Pertz, is published avowedly with reference to the new dangers which Germany has to fear from another Napoleon. The spirit in which it has been drawn up may be judged from the date of the preface, "On the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo." "Stein was the mightiest preacher," says the compiler, "of the lesson that Germany never can trust France, least of all when she gives assurances of peace; and that the German people have no truster allies than their God and union among themselves." It is only one among many instances of the wide-spread distrust which the somewhat ostentatious mystery of the Emperor's policy has created. He has overdone the part of the throned conspirator.

To an historical student a republication of Ulrich Von Hütten's dialogues‡ can never seem superfluous or ill-timed. Satirists are generally a despised and powerless race; but he was one of the few satirists who, like Erasmus and Voltaire, have left a mark on the history of Europe. But it is very doubtful whether there is any ground for the hope expressed by the translator, that his works have a greater chance of a revival of popularity because another great crisis seems to be impending over the Church of Rome. They are essentially political pamphlets, deriving all their interest from the stirring events of the moment in which they were written. The feelings which dictated them, the circumstances which gave them an attraction in the eyes of Von Hütten's contemporaries, can never return. Both priestcraft and tyranny are in a bad way just now; but people are no more likely on that account to read Von Hütten than they are to read Juvenal. But it is not for the knight's own sake, apparently, that the book has been published, nor is it for his sake that it will probably be bought. The translator—the well-known Strauss—seems to have undertaken his task more for the purpose of writing a very long preface about theology in general, and his own achievements therein in particular, than for any other reason. It is a strange production—bitter, defiant, mocking, and yet despairing. It is the wail of a teacher who was once powerful, and who feels the credit which he believed himself to possess crumbling away beneath him. It consists principally of a fierce attack on the theological writers of Germany, for what he calls their cowardice and hypocrisy in still teaching the orthodox belief. He attributes to his own book

enormous influence, and declares that its effects are traceable in every work that has been written on the subject during the last twenty-five years. No one, he says, now believes in the Apostles' Creed, or in the miracles of the New Testament. Yet, in spite of this universal conversion from ancient superstitions, "the theological literature of the day presents a peculiar and repulsive spectacle." Against a "small and vanishing handful" of men who dare to speak out, stands "the incalculable multitude" of those who will reject what they know to be the truth. He specially selects the distinguished Professor Ewald as the mark of a tirade of coarse personal abuse. This tone is as satisfactory in Strauss as it is in his Holiness the Pope. It is always the beaten men who are abusive. For himself, he says that his views have undergone a change. His *Leben Jesu* has in one sense been answered. It has been proved that he was too charitable to the Evangelists. He used to think that they were only the chroniclers of a myth which had spontaneously grown up among Christians; but now he is of opinion that they were intentionally deceivers. Whether, under these circumstances, he is a Christian or not, he does not know nor care; but he is quite certain of one thing, and that is, that he is a good Protestant. Indeed, he maintains that so long as men believe in the Bible, they cannot be good Protestants. He does not wish, however, to push his victories too far, and exhorts the clergy to come to an equitable compromise. If they will consent to admit that the facts and the doctrines of Christianity are false, he will, on his part, consent to their continuing to teach them to those weak-minded people who still need such a support for their morality.

Nine Years in the Council of State at Lucerne,* by A. Segesser, opens a curious view into a political microcosm. Lucerne suffered a political metamorphosis in 1848, like the rest of the Continent; but the peculiarity of the change was, that it left the State less democratic than it was before. The movement, being a movement against Ultramontanism, had the effect of depriving of a portion of their power the masses who were the strength of Ultramontanism. This anomalous beginning has given a strange twist to party nomenclature. Herr Segesser speaks of himself as the head of the Conservative party; and in that character he eulogizes pure democracy, and calls for the ballot, triennial Parliaments, and retrenchment in expenditure, while he taunts his adversaries with being radicals and aristocrats, and fond of arbitrary power. It is not very easy to obtain any inkling of the real state of things from a party pamphlet, written in evident soreness by a rejected candidate; but if there be any foundation for the charges made, it should seem that the civic virtues of Lucerne have a good deal more of the spirit of Italian republicanism than of Teutonic freedom in their composition. One of the favourite modes of obtaining a Ministerial majority at elections appears to be to arrest all the principal Opposition partisans on the day of election. It is a plan which befits frugality of mountaineers, for it is unquestionably cheaper than giving contracts to a Churchward or a Lever.

Mdlle. Bölte, in her novel of *Maria Antonia*,† is animated by the not very hopeful ambition of being at once amusing and useful. She desires in the same pages to write a history and a novel; and she selects, as an auspicious field for this difficult experiment, the history of a small German Court of the last century. Nothing, as a rule, is gained by these attempts to serve two masters. The authoress will only succeed in boring the school-girl without propitiating the governess. In spite of the great authority to whom the adage is due, attempts to mix the "utile dulci" are generally as successful as a doctor's provoking attempts to conceal the fact that his prescription contains castor oil. The tale consists of the life of Maria Antonia, electress of Saxony, and daughter-in-law of Augustus the Strong. Next to its general fidelity and unquestionable dullness, the most noticeable feature in Mdlle. Bölte's performance is her unreasoning hero-worship for Frederic the Great. This is trenching a little too much on the ground of the vulgar novelist. A panegyric is not more truthful than a romance, and much more tiresome. Frederic's peculiar views of international obligation, and the unusual barbarity of his system of making war, should require some other defence in the eyes of a severe historian than the statement that he was "a lion."

The Island of Saints‡ is an amusing account of travels in Ireland, by a German who seems to have been sufficiently familiar with English habits and the English language thoroughly to appreciate all the fun which a tour in Ireland is calculated to afford. The book has a peculiar merit in this respect. It is accurate, of course. Germans are far too studious and careful ever to fall into the blunders which a Frenchman describing a foreign country is sure to commit. But it is very rare to find a German book of travels as amusing as if it were written by a Frenchman. Herr Rodenberg's wanderings were principally in the South and West, and therefore the social miseries of Ireland, or at least the traces of them, come very constantly before him. On the whole, he is very fair in the judgments he passes on the sorrows of Ireland. He is misled by an epigram when he talks

* *Goethe's Faust, seine Kritiker und Ausleger.* Von Dr. Karl Köstlin. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Das Leben des Freiherrn Von Stein.* Nach Pertz erzählt von Wilhelm Baur. Gotha: Besser. 1860.

‡ *Gespräche von Ulrich Von Hütten,* übersetzt und erläutert von David Friedrich Strauss. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

* *Neun Jahre, im Grossen Rathe des Kantons Luzern.* Von A. Segesser. Schaffhausen: Hurter. 1860.

† *Maria Antonia, oder Dresden vor hundert Jahren:* von Amely Bölte. 3 Bände. Prag: Kober. 1860.

‡ *Die Insel der Heiligen.* Von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

of English rule having been "for six centuries one long St. Bartholomew's Eve;" and he was certainly taken in when some Irish fishermen, mistaking him for a Frenchman, assured him that the Irish people loved the French and abominated the English. But he recognises, more distinctly than foreigners are generally willing to do, the contrast between the policy of England as it is and the policy of England as it was. He sees, too, that Irish poverty and backwardness were not all England's fault, even in her most intolerant days. He has studied Irish history with considerable care, and brings out the essentially nomad character of the Irish race in the old days of its independence. It is not true to say that the Irish nation was subjugated by England, or that English proprietors have ousted the Irish from their land. There never was an Irish nation, or an Irish proprietor, in ancient days. The land was covered, as New Zealand is now, with a number of septs or tribes, each owning a vast district, upon any part of which the members of the tribe pigged alike indifferently. But they never formed an organization which could be called national, and they never had a notion of fixed individual property in land. These considerations mitigate the sorrow with which Herr Rodenberg, fresh from the thoughts of Holstein and Alsace, contemplates the extinction of another nationality. His two volumes will be read with great pleasure by all except one limited class of persons—namely, those who had the ill-fortune to come across him in his travels. He does not practise the slightest reticence as to their real names; and it is a question whether they will be consoled for the position they occupy as heroes and heroines of his stories by the fact that the stories are generally very good ones.

We know so little about the beliefs and culture of our German ancestors that an inquiry into them forms an inexhaustible field for the exercise of imaginative erudition. Herr Mülhausen* has come to the task of sifting the relics of antiquity out of existing Hessian customs with a determination to find what he is seeking which no obstacles will deter. It will horrify people in England to learn that, according to his discoveries, almost the whole Christian Year is of Teutonic and heathen origin. That Christmas has more to do with Yule than with the Nativity has long been a well-known fact; but it is startling to be told that Twelfth Night is only the last day of Woden's honeymoon, and that the Three Kings are not the Magians, and have nothing to do with the Epiphany, but are manifestations of Woden in his Triune character. No doubt the author is prepared further to prove that Melchior and Balthazar are old German names. But he proceeds courageously on the same plan throughout the year. Not only are the practices associated with Palm Sunday, Easter Day, the Conversion of St. Paul, and Whit Sunday of heathen parentage, but Michaelmas Day, we are told, is in reality a celebration of the sun's performances during the Equinox; and St. Martin, whom the vulgar believe to have been a Gallic Bishop, is, in reality, a Teutonic deity degraded, while eternity is entirely a heathen idea. The author appears to have assumed for his axioms that no two races could possibly hit independently on analogous practices, and that every feature either in religious ceremonies or in nursery fables must have an old Teutonic origin. He spins a theory of witchcraft on the fact that mothers will say of children who cry and won't suck, "that they are bewitched." He cites Martin Luther for the opinion that a child who ate a good deal, made a noise when it was touched, and delighted in mischief, was possessed by the devil, which he thinks is a striking relic of an old heathenish belief. The Saxons, he says, had a theory that their ancestors were partly produced out of stones and partly produced out of trees; and he bases this view on the following nursery rhyme:—

Reiter zu Pferd, wo kommen sie her?
Von Sichen, von Sachsen,
Wo die schönen Mädchen
Auf den Äämen wachsen.

It is surprising that he does not strengthen his argument by a reference to the parsley-beds of the English nursery, or by citing the testimony of Topsy to the fact that she grewed. In spite of this exaggeration, however, the work is agreeably written, and bears traces of no little industry in the collection of Hessian tales, proverbs, and nursery practices. But the author should show more respect for our most hallowed associations. It is too much to be told that St. Valentine's Day is merely the English relic of the Hindoo worship of reviving activity in the world of nature. He even tries to prove that April Fool-day has something to do with the Walpurgisnacht; though he confesses that the theory is hampered by a serious difficulty arising from the fact that one of them takes place on the first of April, and the other on the first of May.

A life of Michael Angelo has appeared, at least as far as the deaths of Leonardo and Raphael, from the pen of Hermann Grimm†. The subject is very far from being a fresh one, and a North German is very far from being the best person to undertake it. In the laboured metaphors and stilted pompousness of the style, it is impossible not to see an attempt to warm up an enthusiasm which has no genuine vehemence. The following

* *Die Urreligion des Deutschen Volkes*. Von E. Mülhausen. Cassel: Fischer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Leben Michelangelo's*. Von Hermann Grimm. Erster Theil. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

may be taken as a specimen:—"So we see nations seethe up, as the lava in the crater of a volcano rises of itself, and out of the cauldron rings the magic strain, on which we think when Athens or Florence is spoken of." When an author begins to talk of strains ringing out of craters, it may be assumed that the labour of composition is rather against the collar. Yet, if the biographical intention of the book be forgotten, it has considerable merit. As a history of the times in which Michael Angelo lived, it is vivid and not diffuse—two very non-Teutonic virtues. As there is yet a second part to come out, we may be allowed to hint our belief that a less confidential detail of the author's own moral experiences at various places will amply satisfy the curiosity of the public. We fear that he has been reading Mr. Ruskin lately, and imagines there is some necessary connexion between egotism and art.

Another biography* inspired by Florence is more interesting for the events and persons among which it is laid than for its biographical character. There are few historical personages of less importance than the Countess of Albany, the wife of the last Pretender. She was a German princess. Charles Edward married her when he had arrived at the ripe age of fifty-two, and she was quite a girl, at the request of the French Minister of the day. But he was old of his age, and she was young of hers. His misfortunes and wanderings had broken his health and spirits, and he had become half-paralyzed, infirm, and peevish. The marriage was as unhappy as marriage well could be; and the upshot of it was that she ran away with Alfieri—or at least by his advice. After a certain time had elapsed, the ill-matched pair agreed to separate, and she lived with Alfieri till his death. But she outlived him considerably. The last claimant to English royalty, by virtue of a Stuart title, did not die till 1824. The book is written in great apparent devotion to the cause of legitimacy; but the character which is the subject of it is so colourless, that it becomes in effect a biography of the various persons with whom she was thrown in contact.

* *Die Gräfin von Albany*. Von Alfred Von Reumont. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

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